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THE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CLOCK,

AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY MARY CUTTS.

"'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts."



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POEMS.



P O E M S.

RAMBLING.

Ан, yes, my country ! I do love to roam
Amid thy forests and thy hills sublime ;
Oft do thy wilds imagination rouse,
And call up vivid scenes of vanished time.

As slow I tread thy solitudes profound,
And gaze on mountain-height or towering tree,
Or mark the sunny sparkling river glide
For ever on, unweariedly and free,—

I think of other days, of other times,
When o'er that glittering surface swiftly flew,
Light as a feather wafts in summer gale,
The swarthy Indian's delicate canoe.

Yes, on this quiet spot, where now I rest,
 The tired warrior may have found repose;
 Here may the white man's deeds have thrilled his soul,
 Or here, perchance, the startling war-cry rose.

22. 1. 1882
 In yonder vale, full many a dark-eyed girl
 In meditation may have loved to stray,
 Or laughingly have bounded o'er the wild
 To cull sweet flowerets for a chaplet gay.

And scenes of savage cruelty and ire
 May once, alas! have been enacted here;
 Ay, deeds of blood too horrible to know,
 Bidding the white man, brave, to thrill with fear.

And here may thoughts all unexpressed have been,
 Feelings unuttered, aspirations high,
 Poetic visions beautiful as hope,
 Rich musings born for immortality.

But all is quiet now, as if no sound
 Could e'er have broken on the stillness here;
 And, of the banished rover of the wild,
 No trace is seen, no relic doth appear.

Calmly the river flows in peace along;
 It tells no tale, lisps not of former day;
 And, proud and silent as the race of yore,
 Yon mighty, pendent, noble branches play.

Yet Time, with ceaseless wing, goes ever on :
 O'er each delight, where'er mine eye can range ;
 On vale and hill, on rivulet and tree,—
 O'er all things lovely there will come a change.

And where my feet now press the mossy bank,
 Where the soft zephyr 'mid the forest sighs,
 May the gay city's busy hum be heard,
 And temples fair and palaces arise.

Changing, for ever changing all we know :
 Spring with her sweets, resplendent autumn gay,
 Man with his god-like genius and his strength,
 Proud thrones and kingdoms, all must pass away.

And this is life : great Nature doth inscribe
 On all her works those touching words, No MORE :
 May it not 'mind us of that coming change,
 Greater than all, when human life is o'er ?

THE BLASTED PINE.

It rose from 'mid the forest wild,
Unbending, firm, alone,
And bright and beautiful its garb,
In radiant sunbeam shone.

It towered in fearless majesty,
As mighty monarch proud,
While many a noble tree around
In meek submission bowed.

Unheeded drooped the graceful elm,
The aspen trembled nigh ;
None, none, in all the forest gay,
With thee, proud one, could vie.

Thou king of trees ! I've gazed on thee
With wonder and delight,
Nor ever deemed that aught but time
Thy towering head would blight.

I've watched, amid thy dark-green boughs,
 The wild bird build her nest,
 Delighted, as I thought, to find
 Such lofty place of rest.

I've seen morn's first awakening beam
 With glory tinge thy head,
 And evening's gentle farewell ray
 A softer beauty shed.

I've gazed on thee in love and pride,
 I've watched thee day by day;
 Thou seemed created to command,
 Thy subjects to obey.

One moment thus, — the *next*, alas!

Thy noble trunk is riven,
 Thy form enveloped in a shroud
 Of sacred fire from heaven.

*What a
 Promethean fire*

Scorched, blasted, withered now, proud one,
 Thy melancholy air
 Seems that of conquered hero brave,
 In bitter, mute despair.

I mourn, I mourn thee, blighted one ;
 For I remember thee
 In days of sorrow and of grief,
 In days of joy and glee.

But now, alas ! nor sun nor breeze,
 Nor singing bird, nor rain,
 Will ever, ever, call thee back
 To gladsome life again.

The ivy soft may cling around,
 In sunshine and in storm ;
 The morning and the evening dew
 With tears may bathe thy form :

'Tis all in vain, for nought can e'er
 Revive thy beauty more :
 Farewell to thee, thou stricken one !
 Thy day of pride is o'er !

And thus, methought, it is in life ;
 The haughtiest brow must quail,
 While meek and unassuming worth
 Droops not 'mid earthly gale.

A U T U M N .

AGAIN, with radiant mantle round him cast,
 Shading with roseate tints his pensive brow,
 Sad Autumn comes. Hail to thee, season fair!
 For fair thou art and beautiful; although
 Thy smiles are fleeting as the morning dew,
 And o'er thy brow full many a passing cloud
 Most ominously rests. Yet, Autumn wild,
 Still do I love thee, changeful as thou art.
 And when thy blighted gems are falling fast,
 Decking the faded earth with dazzling hues
 Of beauty, lovelier far than art,
 With her unwearied skill, did e'er create;
 And when upon the ear thy rushing breeze
 Comes chill and wild, whispering of coming gloom
 And desolation, — then, then, apart,
 With Contemplation sweet, oh, let me stray!
 Just such is all the beauty of this earth:
 Its pride and grandeur all must pass away,
 E'en as the summer flower or autumn tint.

Miss Cutler emphasizes present indic.
 of the act-trans. verb — do do — is
admirable —

Season of grace ! how *softly* o'er the soul
Thy influence steals ! and how thy deep,
Thy touching pensiveness, within the heart
Doth find an answering note, that vibrates
At thy will ! Yes, much I love
Thy deep, soul-stirring beauties, Autumn wild.
Thy moonlights and thy starlights are more fair,
More beautiful, than those of other times ;
And thy soft, sunny days come o'er the soul
Like the last beaming smiles of those we love.
Ah ! wherefore, wherefore is it that decay
So mingles with thy beauty, radiant king ?
Alas ! it forms a *part* ; it is the soul,
The spirit of thy power ; that power which speaks
So touchingly to all.

THY GOD FORGET NOT.

THY God forget not, when serene
 Thy life is passing by,
 When joy is swelling thy young heart,
 And glowing hopes are high ;
 Forget not Him who giveth thee
 Thy all of bliss on earth ;
 Forget not Him from whom thy joys,
 Thy pure delights, have birth.

Thy God forget not, thou who art
 Immersed in worldly care ;
 Place not thy dearest hopes on earth ;
 Immortal man, beware !
 Ah ! what has earth thy noble soul,
 Thy spirit, to endear ?
 Thy God forget not, or in vain
 Is all thy labor here.

Thy God forget not, thou who till'st
 With joy the fertile soil;
 Forget not Him who doth reward
 Thee richly for thy toil;
 Forget Him not whose tender love
 Unfolds the floweret gay,
 Bids the sweet warbler charm thine ear,
 And makes the rill to play.

Sailor, on the boisterous deep,
 Far, far from native strand,
 When thou beholdest his power and might,
 The wonders of his hand,
 Thy God forget not; and, when wild
 The heaving billows rave,
 Forget not Him who rules the sea,
 And stills the stormy wave.

Captive, in the stranger land,
 From dearest joys afar,
 Whose heart with longing hope doth turn
 To where thy loved ones are,
 Forget not Him whose power divine
 Can bid thy sorrow cease,
 Who, to the wounded, trustful heart,
 Will ever whisper peace.

Thy God forget not, mortal man,
 Whate'er thy lot may be ;
Forget not Him, 'mid weal or woe,
 Who ever cares for thee.
Thy God forget not ; and his power,
 His love, will bless thee ever,
Will soothe thee on the bed of death,
 And will forsake thee never.

L I N E S

ACCOMPANYING A RING, WHEN RETURNED TO ITS
OWNER.

BEHOLD me here a little ring,
That wandered from its owner fair ;
'Mid strange and various scenes I've been
Since last I breathed my native air.

Far, far away I've ta'en my flight,
Through valleys, streams, and forests gay ;
I've climbed the mountain's lofty height,
And seen the wild-bird round me play.

Now, in a drawing-room displayed,
I've gloried in my pearly dress ;
Now, left alone in gloom and shade,
Have mused upon its worthlessness.

Now brought to light, and wafted 'mid
 Melodious sounds right merrily;
Now, hid beneath a glove of kid,
 Have gone to rest right wearily.

Now from a finger gaily took,
 Without one thought of me or mine;
Now with a pensive air and look,
 And a soft kiss, because *I'm thine*.

In short, I must impart to thee,
 Although at times I've known delight,
That she to whom you trusted me
 Is a most strange and wayward wight.

'Tis ever sweet to me to stray
 Through Nature's own enchanting bowers;
To watch the dying sun's last ray,
 And kiss the gentle, bonny flowers.

Ah, freedom's sweet! and so thinks she
 Who late the care of me has had;
For, to be candid now with thee,
 I think she dearly loves to gad.

But seldom, seldom did she take
 Me with her on her rambles sweet :
 I've often thought my heart would break
 To be shut up from week to week.

Sometimes, when riding far away,
 She'd condescend to let me go ;
 But of my treatment must I say ?
 I fear 'twill grieve you much to know.

Alas ! it many a tear hath cost ;
 But she, as cunning as a fox,
 Under pretence I might be lost,
 Would often shut me in a box !

Sometimes released one little day,
 And fluttered for an hour or so ;
 And then again condemned to stay
 In gloom and solitude and woe, —

For many a long and weary hour.
 Ah, dearest ! if it must be told,
 I think she loves a simple flower
 Far better than my pearl and gold.

So much for her : now, for such woe,
I beg you, my dear friend, to say,
That she has made me undergo,
Am I not right to run away ?

For, notwithstanding all my grace,
I do believe, were't not for *thee*,
She'd ne'er have noticed my sweet face,
Or ever cared a straw for me.

ON LEAVING THE HOME AND SCENES OF MY
YOUTH.

AND is it so, and must I bid farewell
To this endeared, this long-familiar spot ?
And can I ever hope again to find
As beautiful a home ? Ah ! other scenes
May truly be as fair ; the loving moon
May o'er them throw her light, and beaming stars
Come twinkling through the heavens ; yet will they,
Will they be to *me* as dear, to *me* as beauteous ?
Oh ! not on earth is there a spot so sweet
As where the heart first learnt to worship nature ;
First lisped its infant prayer ; first felt the glow
Of filial love ; and hearkened to the voice,
The soft parental voice, of tenderness,
Soothing its little cares, or mild imparting
Precepts of virtue and of purity !

And can I bid farewell to this dear place,
To all that I have loved,—the quiet grove,

The softly flowing stream, the cherished flowers,
The fair and gentle flowers that breathe of Heaven ?

My early Home ! how oft at eve I've watched,
With softened heart, the moonbeams round thee play,
Just tinging here and there with silvery light
Thy clustering foliage, while breezes soft
Would wave so gracefully the pendent boughs !

How oft, in blithesome hour, amid thy rural,
Peaceful paths, I've strayed, and held sweet converse
With the loved and cherished !——

How oft in pensive mood thy charms have shed
An influence soothing o'er my spirit sad !
And must I bid adieu to thee, my Home ?
Joy hath not set her seal on thee alone,
For sorrow too, alas ! hath hallowed thee.
Ah ! where is he whose dear, whose much-loved form
Called forth such joy and gladness when beheld ;
He who so gayly, in the blithesome sport,
Would mingle oft, and ever gently soothe,
Whene'er with grief oppressed, our troubled hearts ;
Who oft would stray around our happy home,
And nature's various beauties bid me ken,
From the mild glories of the evening sky,
E'en to the insect sporting joyously ?

Parent beloved ! and art thou gone for ever ?
 Gone from among us ? — from thy loved ones gone ?
 And shall I never listen to that voice,
 Or gaze on that benignant eye, again ?
 Oh ! never more on earth can we behold
 That form revered. There is a world on high,
 Where spirits such as thine must ever dwell ;
 And there we'll trust to meet thee, — trust that He
 Who ever watches o'er the fatherless
 Will aid us to avoid the sins of life,
 That we again may meet thee there — in Heaven.

And tears have flowed for other woes than this :
 Scenes of my early day, my infant life,
 E'en *sorrow* hath endeared you ; but we part.
 I leave for aye each object long beloved,
 And find, far, far away, another home.

Oh ! it is sweet to think, 'tis sweet to know,
 That this sad earth is not our resting-place.
 'Tis but a few, a very few short years,
 And then the scenes that know us now, again
 Will know us never. Then sure it is not meet
 That our affections on the things of earth
 Too strong should rest. —
 Yet ah for human nature ! 'tis so frail

That e'en the breaking of such ties as these
Is agonizing. My Home ! my early Home !
Again do fond associations rise,
And all the tender ties by which I'm bound to thee
Rush o'er my soul. Yet, ah ! we part, we part :
I ne'er on earth can know a home so sweet.
But yet, adieu ! — we part, we part *for ever !*

S E A S H E L L S.

BRIGHT, radiant shells from foreign climes,
How beautiful ye are,
Decked with the roseate tints ye bring
From native shore afar !

I love your colors and your shine,
Stray ones from other shores ;
But yet a deeper grace ye have,
A dearer charm is yours.

Ye bring the mighty ocean's roar
Within your little space,
As if no change, no new abode,
Its memory could efface.

Ah ! others praise your glowing hues,
More wonderful to me
Than even the most gorgeous tints,
These whispers of the sea.

They seem to speak of hidden power,
 And yet it is not so ;
 Strange, strange, it is that ye should bring
 The raging water's flow.

Ah ! *is* it strange that what we love
 In joyous, early day,
 Should never, never, from the soul,
 The spirit, fade away ?

Then sing, sweet shells, sing on, and tell
 Of the old ocean's roar :
 It was your first love, and aught else
 Shall vanish that before.

When first created, weak and frail,
 The mighty sound ye heard ;
 And now, no music of the land,
 No zephyr, song of bird,

Will e'er efface it. Be it so.
 Sing on ; ye bring to me
 The dashing bound, the foaming spray.
 The glory of the sea.

I seem to view the curling wave,
I hear the whizzing gush,
As bright and clear, as swift and bold,
The sparkling waters rush.

Then ever breathe the song to me
That tells of native shore ;
I love your beauty : for this charm,
Bright ones, I love you more.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

IT is the Sabbath: 'mid these mounts sublime,
 Far from the busy world's unthinking gaze,
 I stray. It is the Sabbath: at this holy time
 Methinks in more sublimity they raise,
 These towering, mighty hills, their lofty heads.
 Sure, sure they seem to speak, to tell of Him,
 The Author of all nature; He who formed,
 Who bid them rise and stand unrivalled here,
 Magnificent, sublime, majestic, grand!
 Ay, solemn speakers, beautiful ye are;
 I love, I love to gaze upon your heights.
 Where were ye when the deluge o'er the world
 Poured its vast torrents, — when the whirlwind came,
 And the scared bellowing earth rocked to and fro?
 'Tis said ye *then* were here, that 'mid the throes
 Of wild convulsive nature ye stood firm:
 Say, is it so, proud towerers of the earth?
 And have ye, then, so many ages been?

James — *Orange —*

In solemn, awful grandeur have ye seen
 The mighty tempests play, the lightnings flash,
 And heard the thunders loud re-echo round,
 Long prior to the time when Sinai's mount
 Did quake and tremble, while majestic clouds,
 Dark, dark as darkest night, did round it play,
 And God's own voice was heard in thunders there ?

We know not of your origin, vast ones ;
 But this, oh ! this we know, that most sublime,
 Most beautiful, ye are ; oh ! what to you
 Is all the pride of man, the glitter and the show
 Of human life ? How all the vain exploits,
 The worshipped baubles, and the countless strifes,
 Shrink into nothing as I gaze on you !
 E'en now the sunlight streaming o'er your heights
 Adds a new glory to your lofty brows,
 While rocks and trees and forests vast are naught
 On the far-stretching surface ye display.
 But I must leave you, aspirants of Heaven !
 Ah ! in the calm serenity of life,
 And 'mid its wayward storms and tempests rude,
 May I, as ye, aspire to other scenes,
 And ever look above, my God, to thee !

TO THE CONNECTICUT.

Flow on, thou sweet river,
Unruffled and free,
Ah! what may compare,
Gentle stream, unto thee?
More sublime and more grand
Other waters I've known:
For beautiful calmness
Thou reignest alone.

How light o'er thy surface
The mild zephyrs glide!
How graceful the foliage
That bends o'er thy tide!
No billows to roughen,
No waves to molest,
But all calm ~~and~~ all beautiful
Thy soft shadows rest.

*Don't forget to visit the
Maple &c*

Oh ! not like an emblem
Of life's troubled dream
Art thou in thy beauty,
Thou soft-flowing stream :
Like the sweet dreams of childhood
Thy mild waters flow,
Like bright visions of youth
Ere the heart wakes to woe.

And oh ! when religion,
Divine, o'er the soul,
With faith never doubting,
Holds sacred control,
Then, then the calm spirit,
From dark passions free,
Will in beauty compare,
Gentle river, to thee.

A N E P I S T L E .

AGAIN my pen in hand I take ;
Again, my muse, thou must awake,
And aid me, as my thoughts may wend,
O'er mount and vale, to mountain-friend.
Arouse thee, then, thou silent one,
Arouse thee ; for the summer sun
Is tinging with his latest beam
The mount and valley, rock and stream.
Arouse thee ; for the gentle flower
Is fading from the grove and bower.
Arouse thee ; for the autumn leaf
Is mingling with the golden sheaf.
Time's rapid progress naught can break,
And thou sleep'st on, — arouse ! awake !
Alas ! alas ! she will not wake,
Will not compassion on me take,
But coldly says, “ For verse like this
Ask not my aid.” What haughtiness !
Again she speaks, “ With silly rhyme
Expect not *my* ideas to chime ;

Letters I think beneath me quite,
 They are not worth one lofty flight."
 Then, madam, find employment better;
 I love an unpretending letter;
 They're friendship's offerings, dearer far
 Than all your flighty visions are;
 And if for *such* you aid refuse,
 With joy I write without my muse.

This matter settled, I commence
 To write at least plain common sense;
 I mean I *hope* plain sense to write,
 Although at times I do not, quite.
 And has indeed the summer gay,
 • *Another* summer, passed away?
 How rapidly these seasons go!
 It is a subject trite, I know;
 Yet one we creatures of a day
 Must not in folly spurn away;
 For nearer, nearer to the goal,
 The final haven of the soul,
 They bring us as they glide along.
 And if we could the time prolong,
 Should we grow wiser, thinkest thou?
 Ah! not if we reject the *now*,
The present time, — 'tis all in all;
 The past we never can recall;

The future, — there may *be* none, — we
 Are bounding o'er a billowy sea,
 That every moment may engulf.
 But you may say, enough, enough
 Of sober talk, — my friend, not so,
 You love *reflection* well, I know ;
 Would *all* did love it ! It is strange,
 When o'er the world the mind doth range,
 To find how much of heartless glee,
 How much of silly vanity,
 There is in it. What *time*, my friend,
 To please the worldly eye, we spend ;
 To please the eyes of those we know
 Care little for us ; ay, bestow
 But very seldom e'en a thought
 On us or ours ; and then 'tis fraught,
 It may be, with condemning ire.
 Ah that the spirit would aspire,
 Far oftener, to please that Eye
 Which ever, ever from on high
 Regards us with a glance of love ;
 That Being who will sure approve
 Each wish devout, each gentle thought,
 To pleasure others *as we ought* !

THE LAMENT OF MONTEZUMA.

“ AH ! wherefore urge resistance now ? ”

The grief-struck monarch said :

“ No more shall Aztec chief go forth

By Montezuma led.

They come, they come, the chosen race

My oracles foretold :

Oh ! what, alas ! is now the worth

Of Montezuma's gold ?

“ I feel, indeed, there is a strength,

A might to us unknown,

Possessed by him, this being strange,

This lord of other zone.

No more shall Montezuma hold,

Unchecked, imperial sway ;

His broad domain, his golden dreams,

Are all to pass away.

“ With mighty rush, would I could lead

My warriors to the field !

Never before was foe too brave

To Mexican to yield.

But, ah ! no more can I exult ;

This once proud spirit fails ;

The gods, the gods, oppose us now,

And Montezuma quails.

“ Yet sad the doom : was it for this

The Aztec banner free

Has waved from provinces remote

To yonder gushing sea ?

Was it for this, with glittering gems,

Ye decked your monarch's brow ?

Alas ! than ours a mightier race

Must glory in them now.

“ They come,” the monarch said again ;

“ My destiny I know ;

Deck me in richest robes of state,

To meet this conquering foe :

I long defiance to proclaim,

And can it *never* be ? ”

He turned, and o'er his cheek there rolled

The tear of agony.

THE SEIZURE OF MONTEZUMA.

HE gazed upon the Spaniards stern,
In confidence and trust ;
Deeming them godlike as they seemed,
Unwaveringly just ;
He looked in kindness, till the word
They boldly did impart
Was no mistaken sound, and then
Amazement filled his heart.

Wondering he gazed, and pale as death
He stood before them now ;
Yet in a moment came the flush
Of pride upon that brow.
“ When was it ever heard,” he said,
“ That monarch like to me
Forsook his palace and his home
Of joy and liberty, —

"To bow a prisoner in the hands
 Of strangers from afar ?
 Would ye my freedom and my state,
 My glorious rights, debar ?
 Cease, cease to vex an Aztec prince
 With such degrading word :
 Ah ! well for you it is, 'twas not
 By my brave subjects heard."

The monarch ceased, and threats arose
 From fiery cavalier ;
 Ay, threats of violence and death
 Did Montezuma hear.
 He looked around for sympathy, —
 Alas ! he found it not ;
 All but one daring deed appeared,
 That hour, as if forgot.

Ah ! who can tell the harrowing thoughts
 That wrung his bosom then,
 As gazed this proud but stricken prince
 On these stern-hearted men ?
 No hope illumined his dark eye,
 As lone he stood and dumb :
 He felt the iron in his soul,
 He knew *his hour had come*.

With voice from deep emotion low,
 He spoke the dreaded word ;
Within this palace never more
 That voice again was heard.
Ah, Montezuma ! better far,
 Would hearts uncrushed declare,
Than to have passed thy threshold thus,
 Have left thy life-blood there.

THE DEATH OF MONTEZUMA.

FIERCELY the battle raged, and shrieks of woe,
With clashing loud of savage weapons rude,
And the deep thundering din of mighty fight,
Commingled with the startling battle-cry,
As the subdued and dying Montezuma lay
Heart-stricken on his couch. Thoughts unrevealed,
Too mighty to express, conflicting, strange,
Were swelling in his bosom. Where were now
The days of pomp and state he once had known,
The days of conquest and of glorious war ?
Where were the subjects, who, at glance of his,
Would deem it bliss his summons to obey,
Or bend the knee in adoration low ?
Alas ! his glory, it had passed away ;
And he, an outcast, in the stranger's hall
Was drawing his last breath. " It is in vain,
He mentally exclaimed, " it is in vain,
Brave Aztecs, now to bid the white man yield.
My country ! once all-glorious in thy might ;

My country, with thy heaven-soaring hills,
 Thy forests vast, and mines of glittering gold;
 My country, thou art doomed! I know it well:
 The stranger's iron hand is on thee now,
 And thou must yield — the gods have willed it so.
 I've felt it long. Oft in the battle-hour,
 Amid the triumph of victorious war,
 O'er my excited spirit there has come,
 All suddenly, a change, a solemn change.
 Or in the peaceful hall, when pleasure spread
 Her softest arts to lure my heart to joy,
 At once within my bosom would arise
 A fear, a sad presentiment of ill.
 I felt, I knew, that all must pass away.
 Another race were soon to triumph here;
 Another race must till this beauteous land:
 And Montezuma, with his royal state,
 His coronals of gold, his mines of wealth, —
 Ay, Montezuma soon, alas! must be
 As though he ne'er had been."

And now there stood,

Saddened, around the dying monarch's couch,
 The Spanish conquerors brave. And one was there
 Whom Montezuma loved. Though, were it not
 For him, the valiant Cortes, well he knew

His royal crown might still have decked his brow ;
 And his loved country gloried, as of yore,
 In her surpassing, never-conquered strength.
 Yet various, as was said, the feelings were
 That thrilled the heart of Montezuma now ;
 And, turning on the Spanish cavalier
 His faded, dying eye, he feebly said, —
 “ White man, the land is thine ; ay, soldier brave,
 A monarch bows submissive to the gods ;
 And this, O mighty stranger ! is the last,
 The last sad tear that ever more will steal
 O'er Montezuma's cheek. Farewell ! and oh,
 Remember those I love, the tender ones
 I leave forsaken now ! Thy master great,
 Thy emperor beyond the mighty sea,
 Will care for them, were 't only for the love
 I've shown to thee and thine, — a love, alas !
 So fatal, it hath brought me to this hour.
 And yet, for this, I bear thee no ill-will.”

'Twas his last word — the conquered Indian died.

POCAHONTAS.

"POCAHONTAS, the king's favorite daughter (at that time a child of twelve or thirteen years of age), finding that her piteous entreaties to save the life of Smith were unavailing, rushed forward, clasped his head in her arms, and laid her own upon it, determined either to save his life or share his fate."

HE stood 'mid his dark savage foemen alone,
 No comrade to cheer him, no white friend was there;
 'Mid glances terrific his spirit quailed not,
 Though clear on his broad brow was written despair.

The weapons were raised, and his head was bent low,
 The last ray of hope from his bosom had fled;
 O moment of anguish! a few hellish blows,
 And, brave being, brave soldier, thou art with the dead.

But, hark! through the circle a soft rush is heard,
 "O father! dear father! protect him! oh, save!"
 Ah, see! a young head on the prostrate reclines,
 And a soft female arm doth encircle the brave.

The warriors drew back, struck with awe at the sight ;

On this beautiful being with rapture they gazed :

Ah ! well might these wild, savage lovers of death,

At such mercy, such virtue sublime, be amazed !

But the father, — that stern, iron heart is now touched,

Is soft as an infant's, though swelling with pride :

“ My daughter heroic, my own dearest one,

The life of the captive I spare thee,” he cried.

What a lachrymose conclusion —

THE WILD AMMONOOSUCK.

O THE wild Ammonoosuck ! the wild Ammonoosuck !
Did you ever, did you ever, see the wild Ammonoo-
suck ?

As you stray 'mid New Hampshire's bright scenery
fair,

You may see it soft rushing, now here and now there.
Now it winds round the mountain, now plays o'er the
green,

Delighting and cheering us wherever seen.

Now it peeps through the rocks, and comes down with
a bound ;

Now it gurgles and dances around and around ;

Now it dashes and foams like a miniature sea ;

Now softly glides by, unimpeded and free ;

Now close it will murmur, then far it will stray,

Ever laughing and playing wherever it may.

O the wild Ammonoosuck ! the wild Ammonoosuck !

Did you ever, did you ever, see the wild Ammonoo-
suck ?

MY BROTHER.



My brother ! 'tis a name most dear to me.
In infancy I do remember well
How much I loved my brother. He was my
Friend and playmate from my earliest years ;
The happy sharer of each joyous sport,
And ever the partaker of my griefs,
The wayward, tiny griefs of infancy.
We loved each other well : as years advanced,
Did we love less, my brother ? Ah ! did not
With our growth affection grow, and strengthen
With our strength ?——
'Tis pleasant to look back upon those days
When we were careless, laughing children, brother.
Dost thou remember our light, merry talk,
And sage conclusions, when, with hand in hand
Together linked, they sent us off to school ?
With what infantile glee we'd trudge along,
Delighted with each other's childish thoughts !
And then, how sweet to linger by the way,
To cull the pretty floweret ; or to chase,

With light and joyous step, the butterfly,
 As she went winging on from flower to flower !
 And oh ! when winter, chilling, wild, and rude,
 Came in his snowy mantle all arrayed,
 Placed in our little carriage, side by side,
 How pleased, delighted, were we to be drawn
 O'er the bright, glittering frost, with rapid step !
 Then, from the plaided cloak and little hood,
 Our tiny faces would come laughing out,
 Expressive of such joyousness of soul
 As bid defiance to the wintry blasts.

Ah ! those were happy days ! and much we've known
 Of life's heart-wearing changes since, my brother !
 Yes, many an adverse wind hath o'er us swept
 With wild, ungentle motion. ——

There has been sorrow on our path ; intense,
 Subduing sorrow. Yet, 'mid its darkest night,
 We've ever felt the mercy and the love
 Of Him who ne'er forsakes his stricken ones.
 And, in the griefs as in the joys of life,
 Thou, to thy sister's heart, hast ever been
 Most dear, my brother ! And, be our days
 Or long or short on earth, we yet will trust
 Affection may not languish : may its torch
 Burn on still brighter, till, in heaven at last,
 A more congenial, dearer home it finds !

THE SHIPWRECK.

“Kiss me, papa,” said the little fellow: “we shall soon meet no more.”

THEY stood upon a sea-girt rock,
The storm raged loud and wild ;
In silent agony of soul,
The father clasped his child.

Yon lofty vessel in her pride
No more will ride the wave,
And many a gallant heart is doomed
To an untrodden grave.

The father gazed upon his boy ;
It was his only one :
“Is this, alas ! to be thy fate,
My beautiful, my son ? ”

The child clung closer to his breast ;
 " Save me, papa ! " he said ;
 And looked up in his father's face,
 From whom all hope had fled,

With such a sweet beseeching air
 As wrung the parent's heart ;
 But, ah ! that face no gleam, no ray,
 Of comfort could impart.

" Dear father ! kiss me," said the child ;
 We soon shall meet no more."
 Fear not, sweet boy ! the mighty deep
 Its treasures must restore.

And ye may meet where storms come not,
 Where tempests never beat ;
 Where *both* shall find a Father's love, —
 Fond spirits, ye may meet.

A STORY I HAVE HEARD.

VERSIFIED.

I WAS but five — ah ! only five years old
When my dear mother died ; but, even now,
Though long, long years since then have passed away,
Her image is distinct before mine eye
As at her death. Well do I recollect
Her sweet, benignant smile, her placid brow,
Her eye of tenderness, and look of love.
And when I cried for naught, as children will,
There was a trembling mildness in her voice
That always touched my heart. Ah me ! how fair,
How very fair, she was ! how soft and gentle,
Kind and good to all ! E'en now, methinks,
I see her angel-form before me pass,
Her blue eyes moist with sorrow for my faults,
And hear her say, in sweet, persuasive tone,
“ My child, my child, how can you grieve me thus ? ”

I recollect that for some time she had
Been pale and feeble ; oft, too, would there come

A bright spot on her cheek, that made her look
 So lovely, I would gaze delightedly,
 And think she surely must be well. But yet
 She sometimes spoke of dying, e'en to me;
 And then with such a gentle look would take
 Me to her heart, that tears would roll adown
 My infant cheeks I scarcely could tell why.
 Oh, then, how fond, how tender her embrace!
 And then she'd say, "Be good when I am gone,
 Be very good, and love your father well;
 For he will have no one to love him then,
 My child, but thee!"

Alas! I recollect
 That she was sick all day; and all my toys,
 My whip and hobby-horse, were laid aside;
 And I did try, yes, very hard I tried,
 To make no noise, but good and quiet be.
 They would not let me see her all the day;
 How very long it seemed! and then, at night,
 My mother was too sick to kiss her boy,
 As she had ever, ever, done before.
 But, oh! I felt I could not go to bed
 Without this kiss; and stole into her room.
 "Mother, dear mother! won't you kiss me now?"
 And then I laid my cheek close unto hers.

But, ah, that face ! how cold it seemed to me !
 And when she put her arms around my neck,
 And pressed me to her bosom, I did feel
 A shuddering o'er me creep. My father took
 Me up all tenderly, but could not speak,
 And carried me away. And when in bed
 I lay a long time thinking, fearing much
 My mother dear would die, because her cheek
 Felt just as cold as little sister's did,
 Before, alas ! they laid her in the ground.

When morning came, I hastened to her room.
 Her face was covered with a napkin white,
 Which I removed. But, oh ! it was, it was
 As I had feared : her loving eyes were closed ;
 Her cheeks were cold and hard ; but round the lips
 There was the self-same sweet expression
 I had loved. In an instant then did all
 The little faults rush o'er my mind for which
 She had reproved. And how, oh, how I longed
 To tell her I would be for ever good,
 If she'd remain with me !

I was a passionate and headstrong boy ;
 Yet, from that hour of grief, I ne'er did yield
 To feelings such as these, unless I saw,

In fancy, my dear mother's tearful eye
 Fixed on me as in life ; and, when I did
 Subdue these rash emotions, her sweet smile
 Beamed on me as of yore. My being, soul,
 Ay, character, did change e'en from her death.
 Her gentle spirit seemed for ever near,
 Strengthening my holy thoughts, and weakening all
 Propensity to evil. I felt assured
 'Twould grieve that blessed spirit if I erred,
 And I would not ; but firmly did resolve
 To be what she would have me be ; and oh,
 This resolution has been more to me
 Than words can tell ! It helped me to subdue
 The waywardness of childhood ; guided me
 Through the temptations that endanger youth ;
 And will support and comfort me till death..
 Whatever, ay, whatever I possess
 Of worth in character, I owe, I owe
 To the impressions on my spirit made
 Of goodness and of virtue, by the life
 And teachings pure of her I loved, — my mother.

THE IMPRISONED EAGLE.

BIRD of the sky ! what dost thou there,
 Confined within yon narrow cell ?
Ah, brave one, gloomy was the hour
 When such captivity befell !

Bird of the wild wood ! pining there
 While nature holds her jubilee :
It fires my spirit, thrills my heart ;
 I long, I long to set thee free !

Bird of the mountain ! still it soars,
 Thy native mount, to yonder sky :
Break thy rude fetters, spurn thy bonds ;
 Stretch, stretch thine ample wings, and fly !

Bird of the wild and savage rock,
 Of dark and towering cliff sublime !
Why, why art thou imprisoned here ?
 O noble flutterer ! what thy crime ?

Bird of my country! emblem loved,
O'er vale and hill, o'er land and sea ;
No bondage for *thy* mighty wing!
Soar, soar to heaven ; — *thou shalt be free!*

THE MOTHER.

"Poor thing! she couldn't bring her mind to part with her beautiful baby. It was enough for it to die; but to commit it to the wide sea was too terrible: it was more than she could bear; so she wrapped it up, and dandled it in her arms, and then sang to it as though it was slumbering," &c. — *Paul Preston's Voyages, &c.*

A FEVER raged on board the ship :

A mother, young and fair,
Pressed to her heart her only child,
As if to shield it there.

But ah ! she could not ward the blow :

Her darling and her pride,
Her beautiful and cherished one,
Sickened, alas ! and died.

'Twas in the dark and stilly night

Its gentle spirit fled,
And no one but the mother knew
The pretty one was dead.

And must she lay her baby dear
 Beneath the chilling wave ?
 The very thought was agony :
 Is there no other grave ?

She wrapped it in its mantle warm,
 She danced it on her knee :
 "They will not take, they shall not take,
 My darling babe from me !"

And then, to wear a smiling face,
 As if at peace, she'd strive ;
 She sang to it, and dandled it,
 As if it were alive.

Heart-broken one ! this cannot last.
 "Can this," they said, "be sleep ?
 Ah, mother, no ! we must consign
 Thy treasure to the deep."

"Oh do not, do not take away
 My lovely one from me :
 'Twill sweetly rest beneath the sod ;
 But save it from the sea !"

She clung to it in wild despair ;
She pressed it to her heart ;
“ My dearest babe, my child, my own !
They cannot bid us part.”

Touched with her grief, they promised her
To wait for two days more ;
And then, should land appear in sight,
To bury it on shore.

All night she watched her treasure dear,
And all the day her eye
Would wander o’er the ocean wide,
That she might land espy.

I saw her on her bended knee,
Imploring God above,
That he would guide the ship to land,
In mercy and in love.

It was a blessed sight to her,
That grieved, heart-stricken one,
When, on the coming morn, burst forth
The bright and glorious sun, —

Dispelling mist and fogs and clouds,
 As if with magic hand,
 And bringing to her longing eyes
 The much-desiréd land.

They took the dear unconscious one,
 And rowed it o'er the wave ;
 And there, beneath the forest-tree,
 They dug its little grave.

The mother, kneeling on the deck,
 Beheld the work of love ;
 She saw it laid beneath the turf,
 Then raised her eyes above —

In thankfulness and holy joy,
 That, not in ocean wild,
 But on the beauteous, quiet earth,
 Reposed her darling child.

.

O mother ! why forget the hand
 That stills the ocean-wave ?
 Why didst thou for the loved one fear
 A deep, untrodden grave ?

Consign, consign thy babe to Him

Who visits every spot ;

And, whether in the earth or sea,

He will forget it not.

AN EPISTLE.

WHAT say you, dear coz, to a letter from me ?
'Tis a very long time since I wrote unto thee.
Since then, we have met, as on earth we must do,
But to part, but to part. The moments, they flew
How swiftly, how rapidly by when with thee !
Ah ! had I the wings of a dove, you would see
Me often alight at your window or door,
Perchance with a branch from Connecticut's shore,
If not of the olive, yet peace it should bring ;
And then, had I power, so sweetly I'd sing
A soft serenade to arouse you, dear E.,
That, if it was early, I know you'd wish me
A thousand miles off, or at least Helen would :
Oh, how I would tease her, if I, if I could !

But a truce to this rambling. How are you, my friend,
Now that summer's gay tints are beginning to blend

With the song of the wild-bird, the zephyr, the
breeze,

And ten thousand sweet things us poor mortals to
please ?

Ah ! should we be, can we be, sorrowful, dear,
When such scenes, such delights, are around us to
cheer ?

'Tis a region most lovely, this world of our own ;

'Tis man, sinful man, mars its beauty alone.

Yet, oh ! when his spirit is what it should be,
Pure, noble, refined, from all base passions free,
There's naught here the wants of that spirit can fill :
'Tis the heir of a region far lovelier still.

Once again I would ask how you've been, how you do ?
It seems a long time since I heard aught from you.

You have many, oh ! many advantages near ;
You have friends, sweet and precious, around you to
cheer ;

You can chat with the learned, and roam out with the
gay,

And learn something to think about every day.

I suppose you read much, even novels sometimes ;

I seldom meet one that with my spirit chimes,

Yet, a week or two since, I read what you have seen,
Without any doubt — 'tis "The Neighbors," I mean.

Say, isn't it charming, delightful, dear coz ?

'Tis the best I have read for two ages, "that's poz ;"

I like it,—and if I could meet with a *Bear*,

I know not but I would have him, I declare ;

That is, you are aware, I do mean if I *could* :

That reserve is, of course, as you know, understood.

Yet I know not if, even a Bear I should meet,

I'd consent to give up my dear liberty sweet.

I have an aversion to marriage, dear E.,

Because and because (now do not laugh at me)

I have such a passion for *scribbling*, you know ;

And if I was married, I couldn't do so.

I should hardly begin ere my Bear would call out,

"Pray, what are you doing ? what are you about ?

Here's a stocking to mend, or a pudding to make ;

You must give up this nonsense, my dear, for my
sake."

Oh, shocking ! I've duties e'en now, dearest E. ;

But then they are nothing to what they would be

Were I married, and had I the trouble and care

Of a Tiger, a Lion, or even a Bear.

Your letter, last winter, came safe and sound here :

'Tis always right pleasant to have one appear.

Indeed, 'twas a time of commotion just then :

Frail man will learn wisdom, Eliza,—oh when ?

Excitements I love not — they never did seem
To me, though I may be mistaken, a gleam
From that pure, holy fount, ever peaceful and mild, —
That religion we love, taught by Jesus reviled,
But yet ever passionless, gentle, and calm,
Ever spreading around him the glory and charm
Of a mind always tranquil, composed, and serene.
But yet, my dear cousin, believe me, I mean
Not, not to condemn, — some good may be done, —
But of converts *thus* made, I should never be one.

ON THE DEATH OF W. J.

THE spirit has fled — why bend in despair
 O'er this perishing, tenantless temple of clay ?
 The spirit has fled — why weep o'er the dust
 It has left all unconscious, alone, to decay ?

Ye may gaze, ye may gaze on that passionless eye ;
 On that pale, magisterial, beautiful brow ;
 On the lip that to yours sweet reply ever gave ;
 But that voice once so dear cannot answer you now.

Ye may weep, ye may weep, as the clay to the grave
 In sorrow and silence ye mournfully bear ;
 Ye may weep, ye may weep, when the last look is o'er ;
 But your lost one ye leave not — *your friend is not
 there.*

Ye may build, ye may build a memento most rare,
 A monument stately, to honor the dead ;
 With skill ye may carve it, with garlands may twine ;
 Yet the clay heeds it not, and the spirit — has fled.

Loved spirit, oh ! tell us where now is thy home,
To what regions unknown thou hast taken thy flight ;
What scenes are unfolded, what visions displayed,
Of glory and beauty, of splendor and light.

Loved spirit, we know not ; but this do we know,
Though thou roam'st in thy freedom from star unto
star,
We may meet thee again, where the dear ones of earth,
The loveliest, purest, and holiest, are.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Eugene Ham

"My schoolmaster, a down-bent, broken-hearted, under-foot martyr, as others of that guild are, did little for me, except discover that he could do little."

WHAT were the thoughts that through his spirit passed
 As, downward bent, with visage pale and sad,
 Through the oft-trodden path he took his way?
 It was a morn of beauty: sweet and pure
 Came the rich fragrance from the orchard boughs,
 And blithe and gay the merry songsters poured
 Their soft, full notes upon the listening ear.
 The flowing rivulet that strayed away,
 The playful lamb that gambolled o'er the green,
 The fluttering, joyous bird that soared on high, —
 All, all seemed tasting liberty and bliss.
 Yet he, the weary martyr, he who oft,
 In warm imagination, far would stray
 'Mid nature's fascinations, climbing now,
 With keen delight, the lofty mountain's brow,
 Or wandering where the sparkling river glides,

And loitering hours beside its peaceful banks, —
He to his task was bound ; to be confined,
With dull stupidity, beneath the roof,
Where he, doomed man, from weary year to year,
Had striven, threatened, urged, and labored on.
Alas ! the thoughts that through his spirit passed,
As slow he traced his path, we need not tell :
That spirit was not formed for contact rude ;
It was aspiring, gentle, peaceful, pure.

But, patient one, toil on : if not on earth,
In some celestial world of purity,
Yet far more beautiful, more glorious, bright,
Than human thought hath ever yet conceived,
Thy spirit will be filled, thy thirst allayed.

MELANCHOLY.

SWEET Melancholy! softly pleasing power,
That holds such gentle influence o'er the heart!
What art thou? Say. Sorrow is not thy name,
Nor joy, nor happiness: what art thou, then?
Mysterious visitant! I love thee more,
Far more, than mirth or pleasure: thou to me
Art dearer than the world's unstable joy.
Thou comest not when loving friends are near,
When eye meets eye with rapture, when the soul
Reveals its deep, affectionate, and earnest love
In every word, in every tone and look;
But when such friends depart, when all is still
Where the dear voice resounded, when we gaze
On what they looked on last, and wander lone
'Mid scenes, apartments, where they late have been,
Then, O thou soothing, strange, mysterious power,
Pale Melancholy sweet! we yield to thee.
I would not, would not often thou shouldst reign

Within my breast ; for though thou gentle art
 As infancy's soft kiss or lover's tone,
 Yet, ah ! so deep, so wearing to the heart,
 Is touch of thine, I feel it soon would break,
 If thou within its confines long shouldst dwell.

I've wandered, on a wild, autumnal day,
 When the sere, blighted foliage, strewed around,
 Spoke, to the heart, of hours that once had been, —
 When the low, moaning breeze amid the boughs,
 The stripped, forsaken branches, seemed to breathe
 A sad lament for glories passed away.
 Then have I listened for the wild-bird's note,
 Which but a few weeks past had charmed mine ear.
 I've listened : but alas ! no sound was heard ;
 The warbler sweet had sought a milder clime ;
 The nest, the ever-beautiful, the downy nest,
 Which the fond parent-bird with pride had formed,
 Now hung forsaken and neglected there.
 And where were all the bright and laughing flowers ?
 Ah ! where were they, those beauteous gems that spring
 O'er vale, o'er mountain, and o'er lone recess,
 That, 'mid the forest wild, do gladden man,
 And speak of heavenly care, of heavenly love ?
 Alas ! they were as if they ne'er had been.
 Then, as I roamed, I thought, I thought of one

Who strayed with me when all was fresh and fair ;
 When the gay blossoms, bursting into life,
 And the melodious songsters, filled the air
 With harmony and fragrance. Short the time
 Since, happy by my side, that dear one walked ;
 And now, the ocean vast between us rolled,
 Long years might pass ere we should meet again,
 Perchance no more on earth : oh, how the scene,
 The forest drear and desolate, the plaintive
 Breeze, and the forsaken branches, chimed with all,
 With every gush of feeling in my soul !
 Then, Melancholy sweet ! thy power I knew,
 Thy heavenly power ; for, ah ! so soft thy touch,
 I do believe thee sprung from seraph-worlds,
 From some celestial region far away.
 'Tis said that every tone of nature bears
 Some impress of thy giving ; that the storm,
 The wailing storm, doth speak of thee ; and e'en
 The gentle shower brings thee near. The ocean, too,
 The ocean that on lonely sea-beach breaks,
 Breathes of thy spirit ; and the deafening roar
 Of the wild cataract is imbued with thee.
 Ah, yes ! thou'rt part of nature : 'tis a world
 Of change and of decay, and meet it is
 That thou shouldst mingle in its pleasant sounds,
 And sympathize with weary, suffering man.

Then, Melancholy ! we will spurn thee not,
For thou art no intruder. Yet there may
Be realms of beauty, far away in space,
Where thou canst never come ; ay, gentle one !
Regions celestial thou hast never known.
I do retract the rash, unthinking word ;
Thy home is *here*, in this decaying world :
Look not, look not beyond — we part in time.

A N A L L E G O R Y .

VERSIFIED.

A HUMMING-BIRD once met a butterfly,
 And, being fascinated with its form,
 The dazzling radiance of its silken wings,
 And the ethereal beauty of its mien,
 Did make an offer warm of friendship pure,
 Perpetual. "I cannot think of it,"
 Was the reply; "for once you spurned me,
 Called me drawling dolt, a creature mean,
 With whom to associate you would not deign."
 "Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird:
 "I always had, believe me, beauteous one!
 The most profound respect for such as you."
 "For such as *now* I am, perhaps you have,"
 The butterfly replied: "when you did taunt,
 Insult, despise me as I said, I was
 What men do call a caterpillar.
 And now we part, with this piece of advice:
 Never insult the humble, as they may
 In time become superior to you."

L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO AN AGED RELATIVE.

THE day was o'er: the sober twilight hour,
 With still and solemn tread, as if it knew
 It would not, could not, pass unmarked away,
 Came on. All nature was at rest: no sound,
 Not e'en the carol of the singing bird,
 Was heard to break the quietness profound.
 Upon a couch, with gentle eye upraised
 In patient and confiding trust to Heaven,
 Reclined a wasted form of loveliness:
 Pale death was on that brow and in that eye;
 But yet so clear, so radiantly bright,
 The spirit beamed from forth its prison-house,
 That it would seem there were already given
 Visions of beauty unrevealed to earth,
 That that rapt spirit had already caught
 The melodies of heaven.

And bending o'er
 This holy bed of death, there might be seen
 The fair young sister of the dying saint.

She had grown up with her, and their deep love
 Had never known a change. Their sorrows light,
 And their young joys, had ever been the same.
 And now, when death all unexpected came,
 The heart of her so soon, alas ! to be
 Bereft and desolate, seemed crushed in grief.

“And thou hast promised, dearest,” she did say,
 “If God permits, that thou wilt come to me.
 Methinks I could not part without that word,
 Unless I knew thy spirit would be near,
 Supporting mine. Yes, dear one ! I entreat,
 Make visible thy form, that I may gaze
 With eyes of tender love upon that brow,
 That once again that smile may glad mine heart :
 Come thou again to me, thine own beloved !”
 “If it can be,” the dying girl replied,
 “Thou shalt with mortal eye behold me near ;
 My disembodied spirit thou shalt see
 Approach thee with an angel’s tenderness,
 Whispering sweet words of comfort to thine heart.”

And so she died : when that calm twilight hour
 Gave place to darker night, the breathings soft
 Of that fair, gentle girl no more were heard ;
 The “vital spark” had fled ; and bitter grief

Was heavy at the lone one's tender heart.
 And when she strayed amid the cherished haunts
 Of her, the early loved, the early lost,
 Where'er she roamed, one wish was ever hers,
 One longing wish, that she might see again
 The sister of her love. And ever, when
 The quiet moonbeams shed a silver light,
 And the bright stars in solemn beauty smiled,
 She'd wander lone away with anxious heart,
 Trusting the promised vision would appear,
 To shed once more a halo o'er her soul.

But years passed on, — ay, long and varying years;
 Scenes changed around; new joys, new troubles, came;
 Years passed on years, till feeble, tottering age
 Laid on this once fair brow his withering hand:
 Yet never, never did that form appear,
 That spirit, to this pilgrim of the earth.
 Ah, aged Christian! thou hast looked in vain;
 But when thy heavenly Father calls thee home,
 And when a brighter world unveils to thee
 Its treasures now unknown, its love divine, —
 Then, mingling with the holy seraph-band,
 That angel-form again may glad thine eyes;
 There may ye meet, secure from every woe;
 There meet in bliss, again to part no more.

TO A FRIEND.

As I waked from a slumber the day you left,
 How deserted and drear to me
 Seemed my dear little room from which you had fled,
 And the places late filled by thee !
 I gazed all around with a woful face ;
 For no one, alas ! was there,
 To reject the allurements of parlor below,
 And recline on my éasy chair.

Ah ! dull did it seem, with its broad, ample arms,
 And its ruffled old cushion so gay ;
 “ And why thus deserted, neglected, am I ? ”
 The faithful old friend seemed to say.
 ’Tis true there were dear ones would oftentimes come,
 Forgetting each labor and care ;
 Yet for hours and hours, when gazing on it,
 Forlorn seemed my éasy chair.

Kind friends would come in, and say, "How do you do ?

I am sorry that you are so ill ; "

But my chair was unsatisfied yet, as I thought,

And looked very woefully still.

For the kind friend was gone, was far roaming away

O'er mountain and valley so fair, —

The friend who came in when I felt sick and weak,

To repose on my easy chair.

Madam Luna, too, sweetly would smile on my couch,

And the sunbeams around me play ;

All nature, arrayed in a beautiful robe,

Did seem most attractively gay :

Yet I turned from the softness of moonbeam pale,

From the splendor of noonday glare,

To gaze with a pensive and sorrowful brow

On my desolate easy chair.

A TRUE STORY.

“ALAS! it must, it must be so, my boy,”
The widow said, with tears upon her cheek.
“Ah, would that I could work! I cannot now, —
I’m sick, — we are lone and destitute.
What can be done? Go, then, my darling boy;
'Tis *my* request; your *mother* doth entreat.
Go, and may Heaven befriend you; go, and beg.
We cannot starve — your little brother there
Sits moaning for some bread; I’ve none to give;
And you are weak and pale for want of food.
Weep not, my gentle child: come to my arms.
Oh! who would e’er have thought the son of one
So loved and honored would have come to this?
But yet take courage: ’tis His holy will
Who orders all things right, who never errs.
We must submit. And now go forth, my son;
Beg a few shillings; and, perchance, my strength
May come again, and you may go no more.”

What were the thoughts, the unutterable thoughts,
 That swelled the bosom of this noble boy,
 As now, without a word, he started up,
 Left his fond mother's arms, and disappeared ?
 He did not hear the groan, the deep, low groan
 Of anguish, given when he closed the door.
 And well it was he did not ; for his heart
 Was full without it.

Long this gentle boy
 Did watch, with tearful eye, the looks of all
 He thought might aid him ; but alas ! poor child,
 There seemed not one, amid this busy throng,
 He thought would care for him : no, none looked kind.
 He could not, would not, speak to such as these.
 He would not ask for what the cold eye told,
 And the repulsive brow, would be denied.
 Oh bitter task ! would the indifferent knew
 How much of sensibility there is,
 How much of purest delicacy lives,
 Within the heart of misery ; how oft
 They pass, with careless, haughty step,
 The form of poverty, connecting vice
 And idleness with humble garb ! 'Tis true —
 Oh sadly true — that much of guile there is,
 And much of sin ; yet oft is virtue doomed

To meet the scornful, the unfeeling glance ;
 Or, even worse, a fellow-creature's eye
 With care avoiding e'en the slightest look,
 As if — as if 'twould bring (poor mortal frail!)
 Contamination to thee ; and who — ay,
 Who — is this thou spurnest ? 'tis thy *brother*,
 The image of thy God, the loved of Heaven.
 Have we not this commandment from on high,
 That he who loveth God in heart must love
 His *brother* too ?

Arthur — for so this boy,
 This weeping child of poverty, was called —
 Resolved, in silence and despair, no more
 His spirit to subject to grief like this,
 When, leisurely advancing, he did see
 A form and face that took his heart at once,
 So mild, benignant, was that gentle eye ;
 So free from pride, or cold suspicion's glance.
 When Arthur looked on him, his fears were gone :
 With modest air, and slightly faltering voice,
 He did entreat of him a little charity.
 The stranger stopped ; and, as his eye did mark
 The countenance so fair, the timid blush,
 That overspread the cheek of this poor boy,
 And heard the mild, soft tone, the humble word,

His heart did melt with soft compassion's glow.
 "You do not look like one, my boy," he said,
 "Accustomed unto this;" and then he laid,
 With gentle touch, his hand on Arthur's head, —
 "Say, what has driven you to this, my child?"
 Tears coursed each other down the poor boy's cheek.
 "I was not born," he said, "in poverty,
 But the sad troubles of my father, sir,
 And my dear mother's illness, have obliged
 Me to this step." "Who is your father?" asked
 The stranger then. "My father was," he said,
 "A merchant of this city, but became
 A bondsman for a friend, who failed; and this
 Did cause his ruin. He did not, could not,
 Long survive the event, but died of grief;
 And this affliction was far worse to us
 Than any other trouble. My mother,
 Little brother, and myself were left alone,
 And soon became, dear sir, oh! very poor.
 She did what work she could; but few there are
 Who think or care for us; and now she's sick,
 So very sick, that I do greatly fear —
 I fear that she may die. Have pity, sir;
 Oh! pity my poor mother! I entreat."
 "Where does she live, my boy?" with trembling voice,
 The stranger said: "say, is it far from here?"

“Quite near ; it is the last house in the street ;
There, you can see it there.” “And have you sent
For a physician for your mother yet ? ”

“We have no money : sir, I could not send.”

“Then go, my child, be quick ; and you shall have
All that you need.” The stranger then, in haste,
Proceeded to the house, and to a room

Wherein was seen a miserable bed,

On which a female lay, sad, pale, and sick ;

And at her feet, upon the bed, there sat

A little boy, crying, poor child, alas !

As if his heart would break. With gentle word,

The stranger, deeply moved, drew near the bed,

As if he were physician. When he heard

The symptoms, and the cause of all, he said,

With kind, consoling voice, “Do not despair ;

Think only of preserving what is dear,

Most precious to your children, — your own life.”

And then he wrote a few short lines, and said,

“Here’s a prescription for you : I will lay

It by until your son returns. Farewell ! ”

Scarce had he left the house ere Arthur came.

“O mother ! my dear mother ! ” he exclaimed,

“I’ve met so kind a friend : be comforted.

Oh ! I have much to tell : cheer up, cheer up.

A good physician now will soon be here.
He bade me go for one." "He has been here,"
The mother did reply: "God bless you now!
For well have you fulfilled your task, my boy.
Read the prescription there." The boy perused
The paper, — started back; and then a cry,
A joyous cry of wonder, passed his lips.
"My son! what is it?" the poor widow said.
"Ah mother! read, O read it. God has heard us."
She took the paper, read it, found it was
An order for a sum she little thought
Would e'er be hers again; but, when her eye
Alighted on the signature, it glowed
With such intense astonishment and joy,
As one who might have gazed upon that face,
A few hours only past, could not have deemed
Would ever animate that brow again.
The name was WASHINGTON.

ON THE DEATH OF F. T. G.

MYSTERIOUS Death ! again, alas !

Thy mandate stern goes forth,
And one of spirit radiant

No more is seen on earth ;
Another form has faded now,

Another heart is still ;
Why talk of *death* ? 'tis God's decree :
We bow us to his will.

Yet sad the doom — and never, while

Our lamp of life doth burn,
Will that all-glowing, ardent mind,
That soul of fire, return ?

For ever, ever must that shade
From earth and kindred stray ?
Has it left every human tie,
To wander far away ?

And is it thus ? will ne'er again
 That pleading tongue be heard,
 Moving the heart and soul at will,
 With deep and thrilling word ?
 Closed, and for ever, is that eye
 Of flashing, wondrous light,
 That seemed, for aught below the skies,
 Too radiantly bright ?

Yes, other scenes, blest spirit ! now,
 And other hopes, are thine ;
 While still earth's sad, unheeded tears
 And withering griefs are mine.
 Thanks unto God there is a world
 Where comes not mortal care !
 Methinks, with the beloved and lost,
 Thou'rt waiting for me there.

Thy parting words, when last we met,
 Yet ring upon mine ear ;
 Still, still thy look and accent kind
 I seem to view and hear.
 "Where shall we meet again ?" thou saidst,
 And little thought we then,
 But oft, perchance, in coming time,
 That we should meet again.

Where shall we meet ? Oh ! never where

We met in early day ;

Not by the mountain or the vale,

Or by the streamlet gay.

Where shall we meet ? Oh ! not around

The hearth so cherished then ;

Ah, no ! — we meet no more on earth ;

In *heaven* we meet again.

AN EPISTLE.

ONCE more, my dear Elizabeth, with feelings warm and true,

I've taken my accustomed seat to write a line to you ;
And first I truly thank you much, dear early friend of mine,

For all you kindly wrote about the pleasures of lang syne.

Say why it is, Elizabeth, the heart so fondly clings
To that which of our earliest days association brings ?
Ah ! o'er it *then* hath been no shade, no touch of earthly blight ;

But all we gaze upon is fair and beautiful and bright.
And this is why it is so sweet to bring to fancy's eye
The visions of those darling days of rosy infancy.

How changed the face of nature is since last I wrote
to thee !

The deep, deep snow has vanished all from mountain,
vale, and tree ;

And fields, where icy crystals took luxuriant repose,
 Are carpeted with velvet now, with violet and rose:
 How beautiful, how wonderful, is nature's mighty
 change!

How vast the field it doth unfold for contemplation's
 range!

'Tis twilight now,—that pensive hour so dear to spirit
 sad;

And, if I would, Elizabeth, I cannot then be glad.

I know not if you love, as I, this gentle hour of
 peace,

When all the cares and all the sounds of busy day-
 light cease.

To me its tranquillizing power ne'er makes a vain
 appeal;

Oh, then how *softly* o'er the soul do faded visions
 steal!

'Tis just the time to meditate, and muse on absent
 friend,

And often do "I sit me down a pensive hour to
 spend."

Fears will arise my early friends I never more may
 see,

And sometimes, in this sober mood, doth fancy roam
 to thee;

I seem to meet your cordial hand, dear Helen's laugh-
 ing eye,
 And wonder if these meetings glad have gone for ever
 by.

But why, Eliza, do I write in strain to thee so sad,
 In season too so gay as this, when summer, blithe and
 glad,
 Is looking in upon us with her blossoms and her
 flowers,
 With her breezes, and her music, and her smiling
 sunny hours ?
 Oh ! pardon me, I do entreat ; I'm foolish, dear, some-
 times ;
 There is no sad or joyous note but with my spirit
 chimes.

Oh ! do not, do not think, my friend, I scorned the
 flower from thee :
 Thou little know'st this heart of mine, if so thou
 think'st of me.
 No, no, indeed ; 'twas safely laid within my desk
 away :
 There's poetry in gifts like these, — no trifling things
 are they.

And now I mean to send you down the prettiest one I
know,

Although around our mountain-home do many flower-
ets grow:

What though it blossoms everywhere, and grows on
every spot,

It ever will be dear to me; 'tis just — *forget-me-not*.

GREEN MOUNTAIN SONG,

AS SUNG BY THE CHEENEY FAMILY.

YE may sing, ye may sing, of the mild southern
breeze,

The climate of gentle repose,
Of the land where the vine and the olive unite,
And the sweet-scented orange-bud blows :
We will tell, we will tell, of the life-giving North,
With its noble old forest-trees great,
And where, never-waning, 'mid beauties sublime,
Beams the star of the Green Mountain State.

Ye may sing, ye may sing, of the charms of the West,
With its wide-spreading prairies of green,
Where the buffalo ranges in freedom along,
And the Father of Waters is seen :
We will tell, we will tell, of the region where STARK
Taught of yore the invader his fate ;
Where ALLEN found soldiers all made to his hand,
In the wilds of the Green Mountain State.

Yes, hurra for Vermont ! 'tis the land of the free,
 The land of the strong and the brave ;
 Hurra for Vermont, ever steady and true ! —
 What foeman can ever deprave ?
 Her fair are for worth and for beauty renowned ;
 Her “ mountain-boys ” ever are *men* ;
 Her soil is unrivalled, her breezes are pure :
 Hurra for Vermont once again !

Ah ! other bright scenes may entice us away ;
 In other lands oft we may roam ;
 Yet still will the heart ever beat with delight,
 At the name of its own mountain-home.
 Then hurra yet again for our dear native State,
 Though oft we may wander afar ;
 For Vermont, brave Vermont, with her evergreen
 hills,
 Hurra ! and Hurra ! and Hurra !

REFLECTIONS,

WHEN CONTEMPLATING FOREST-TREES IN AUTUMN.

WAVE on, wave on, ye noble ones, wave on !
 Wave, as the wild breeze rustles 'mid your boughs.
 Ay, strew around your faded, withering gems ;
 And bid them tell a tale of other days,
 When, radiantly fair, they clung to you,
 And feared nor northern blast nor wintry sky.
 Bid them relate, how, nursed by gentle dews,
 They soft unfolded to the summer ray ;
 And, richly clustering your branches round,
 Waved proud and high in fearless majesty.
 Ay, let them breathe to *man* their tale of woe ;
 And, even as they've drooped and faded, tell,
 So must he fade, must wither, and must die.
 Then bid them point to your majestic boughs,
 On which nor time nor tempest yet hath wrought
 A change, and say, " Thou seest *them* firm remain,
 'Mid autumn's wildest gales or winter's blast ;

Nay, more, again thou'lt view them putting forth
New buds of fragrance and of beauty,
Again rejoicing in the summer ray,
Inhaling heaven's own dews.

And so thy soul, when it hath cast aside
This frail and fading garb thou deem'st so fair,
In one celestial shall array itself,
And soar where change comes not, or blight or woe."

“THE ANGUISH OF BEREAVEMENT.”

“When little Jacob Walton was informed that he alone, of all his family, had escaped from the wreck of the ‘Atlantic,’ he exclaimed, ‘Oh! take me back, and throw me into the sea. Oh! let me drown with my parents, and my brothers and sisters.’”

THE fearful winds had ceased to rave,
 The storm had passed away,
 And hushed again in deep repose
 The mighty billows lay.

But hearts of love were raging on
 With grief beyond control.
 Ah! what are wildest gales to this,
 The tempest of the soul?

And one there was of tender years,
 Of every friend bereft;
 Of parents, brothers, sisters dear:
 Alas! he only left.

Oh ! who can tell the agony
 Of this young spirit brave,
 When he was told his all on earth
 Had found a watery grave ?

“ Oh ! take me, take me back,” he said,
 “ And throw me in the sea :
 Ah ! let me drown with those I loved ;
 Have pity upon me.

“ And are they then for ever lost,
 The friends that were so dear ?
 Oh ! throw me in the sea with them ;
 For I have no home here.”

Dear boy ! thy course is onward yet ;
 Strive on with noble heart ;
 Strive on, though doomed, in early life,
 With all thou lovedst to part.

Thou hast a Father, fear it not,
 Who loveth such as thou ;
 And He who saved thee from the storm
 Will not forsake thee now.

Live on, live on, though clouds may frown,
And tempests round thee lower :
Ever, to heart of faith and trust,
There comes a brighter hour.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

"The deceased fell at the very threshold of his profession, the message on his lip undelivered, the errand untold, the great work to which from childhood he had devoted his life scarcely begun."

HE died, in early life he died,
 While hope was buoyant, trustful, high ;
 While yet to bless, to lead, support,
 His spirit fondly did rely.

He passed away, ere time was given
 For half his genius to unfold,
 E'en at the threshold of his hopes,
 The message on his lip untold.

Ere the great work was well begun
 For which his ardent spirit sighed,
 While hearts with fond approval glowed,
 And renovated trust, he died.

Ay, unto changing *earth* he died :

Think ye those powers all silent are ?
Is there no other world than this ?

No other kindred home afar, —

Where the bright spirit may reveal

Its holy trust, its love divine ?

No other realm where naught may be

Its aspirations to confine ?

There is a home for glowing mind,

There are delights for weary heart,

For ever, and for ever more,

New bliss, new rapture, to impart.

THE FATED.

I SAW a picture once, or had a dream,—
I know not which; but oft there comes a gleam
Across my mind of what it did portray.
It was a stormy, wild, tempestuous day,
And a poor sailor on a rock is cast,
With naught to shield him from the angry blast.
Alone he stands; and, far as eye can reach,
There is no sign of ship or isle or beach;
Naught seen but ocean, ocean all around,
With its tumultuous heaves, no other sound;
No form but his, no human arm to save,
As wave on wave came tumbling over wave.
The ocean roared and beat and splashed and fumed,
Still on his craggy rock stood firm the doomed;
I heard it rave—oh, terrible the sound!
Darker and darker grew the clouds around;
Not yet the fated from his rock is riven,
Yet is he there,—there with his eye on heaven.

TO A PARENT.

YOU ask a verse,—and not on theme
Heroic, grave, or gay;
No lofty flight, no fiction strange,
You bid my muse essay.

'Tis not a' song of native land,
Of mountain or of stream;
No patriot chantings *now* for thee,
Or wild, romantic dream.

I may not soar to where the stars
In radiant beauty glow,
Shedding an ever-beaming hope
On mortals here below.

To distant classic lands afar,
Inspired, I may not roam;
Not so: the chosen theme for me
Comes nearer, nearer home.

I said indeed it was not one
 Of gravity or mirth ;
 And yet it is of mighty grasp, —
A spirit born to earth.

Ah, what of weal and what of woe
 May not in time appear !
 What changes come of this event,
 This angel-presence here !

Yet Hope exultingly doth smile :
 We trust that it may be
 Of pure and deep parental bliss
 A truthful prophecy.

And should this infant-hand reveal
 The poet's glowing lay,
 Or charm by music's thrilling power
 The enraptured heart away ;

Should eloquence divine inspire
 That little fluttering heart,
 Or science, with her varying charms,
 Her wondrous truths impart ;

Whate'er of talent or of worth
The future may reveal,
Whate'er upon this infant brow
May set the final seal,—

Yet death *will* come ; and when that soul
From earthly bliss is riven,
May cherubim celestial hail
A spirit born to heaven !

THE SAILOR-BOY.

BENEATH an aged oak I knew
 A most inviting seat,
 With lattice-work adorned, hung o'er
 With honeysuckle sweet.

One eve,—'twas just at twilight hour,
 That quiet hour so dear,—
 A girl with flowing curl sat there,
 And on her cheek a tear.

Beside her was a gentle boy,
 Of manly presence too,
more than Who several summers *more* had seen,
 And yet his years were few.

But often had their loving eyes
 The tear of sorrow shed;
 For, ah! their father, mother too,
 Had been for long time dead.

A distant relative alone

Their tender years watched o'er;
And they were gentle, kind, and good,
Yes, very good — but poor.

And Henry as a sailor-boy

Had been advised to roam,
To leave, perchance for future ease,
His sister and his home.

And now the sail is ready spread,

The color streaming gay;
“One kiss,—another, dearest Ann;
And I must then away.”

“Oh! leave me not, my brother dear,

I cannot part with thee;
Oh! leave me, leave me not, I pray,
For the wild raging sea.

“I thought, I thought I should be firm,

And meant it should be so;
But now, the bitter hour has come,
I *cannot* let you go.

“ Oh! think of all our pleasant sports,
 The tears we’ve shed together ;
 How we have deemed we should love on,
 And naught could part us ever ! ”

“ We shall indeed love on, dear Ann,
 Far more than words can tell,
 And meet again, I trust, with joy :
 Sweet sister, fare thee well ! ”

And he has gone, her brother dear,
 Her only hope and joy,
 To wander o’er the lone deep sea,
 And be a sailor-boy.

But Ann was good : though sad the task,
 To be resigned she tried ;
 But yet, in all her work or play,
 She missed him from her side.

And now, whate’er would please him best,
 To do, was her delight ;
 Oh ! if but this he will approve,
 How sweet the task, how light !

Yet more than all, to Him whose power
 Can bid the tempest cease,
 And whisper to the trusting heart
 Sweet confidence and peace,—

To Him who for the orphan cares,
 Her heavenly Friend above,
 She prayed that he would guard and keep
 The brother of her love.

Months passed away; and now the time,
 The wished-for time, was near
 When the lone sister might expect
 The wandering one so dear.

The hour arrived; and why, alas!
 Came not the sailor-boy?
 Ah! why should faith and hope e'er rest
 On wayward earthly joy?

The hour arrived—a storm had been;
 And, 'neath the ocean-wave,
 The gentle sailor-boy, 'twas said,
 Had found a watery grave.

Oh, tale of woe for the beloved !

Pale grew her cheek of rose ;
And forth to roam, alone and wild,
Despairingly she goes.

Again she wandered to the place,
The seat where last they met ;
His parting look, his parting words,
She never can forget.

She raised her eyes : what form appears ?
One look, one scream of joy ;
The vessel had been wrecked indeed,
But safe the sailor-boy.

UPON HEARING A BIRD SING FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN SPRING.

АH! whence that gentle note which breathes of bliss?
What soft, melodious thrill is floating now
Upon the dewy air? A friend has come;
The lovely, fluttering tenant of the woods
Is here again: oh! welcome to thee now!
Welcome, thrice welcome, to my weary heart!
How pure, how seraph-like, thy gentle lay!
Almost to joy it animates my soul:
I knew not that it could be so again.

Sing on, dear bird! thy music unto me
Comes as a dream of days for ever fled.
Sing on, sing on! it calms my aching heart
Thy melody to hear; it bids me know,
There is, there can be, purity on earth.
Sweet warbler! art thou come to soothe my woe?
Methinks thou'rt one of Heaven's messengers,
Sent to remind us of a world of bliss,

Where the rude tempest never more can blow ;
But all is 'soft and spirit-like and glad,
As is thy heavenly strain. Then, lovely one !
Sing on : if bleak thy home, thou knowest well
The summer-breeze will play, and beauty burst
In thousand forms to life. Thus, may we trust,
Though cloud succeeding cloud may o'er us roll,
Yet on the weary spirit there will rise
A calmer dawn ; ah, yes ! the promise
Has been said ; and Hope shall smile, and Faith
Illume the way, the dark and wintry way,
That guides us home.

YES, WE MUST LEAVE THESE TRANSITORY
SCENES.

YES, we must leave these transitory scenes, —
Must soar to other worlds, away, away ;
We are pilgrims here : whene'er the mandate comes,
The solemn, final call we must obey.

No ties of earth, no subterfuge, no spell,
Can break or turn aside the dread command :
Most true it is, — He who the spirit gave,
Created, formed, that spirit will demand.

Proud sinner, tremble ! soon thy day is o'er ;
Soon is for ever o'er thy mortal race :
Ay, tremble, till thy heart to God is given,
Till faith and holy works thy sins efface.

But, saint-like spirit ! contrite, humble soul !
Thou who hast borne the cross, endured the fight !
Fear not, rejoice ; thou knowest not the bliss
Thine to possess in yonder worlds of light.

Yes, faithful spirit, trusting heart! rejoice;

Mercy and peace from God to thee are given:

Oh! dear to thee will be that voice of love

Which calls thee to thy Father's home, thy heaven.

TO BERTHA.

I've been out strolling far away
O'er velvet lawn and pasture gay,
'Mid bramble, hill, and rock, to-day.

I love afar to wander free
'Mid wilderness and forest-tree :
Is it not ever sweet to thee ?

I know it is ; for late I strayed
O'er hill and vale, in sun and shade,
Through sombre woods and open glade, —

With one who cheered me on the way,
With one who patiently did stray,
With spirit buoyant, bright, and gay.

On, on, through pathway drear and lone,
On, on, where never sunbeam shone,
But wild winds make their wildest moan ; —

On, on, to see a streamlet glide,
Not forcibly, with giant-stride,
But soft, the verdant bank beside,—

Just peeping here, just glancing there,
With surface trembling to the air,
Revealing beauties everywhere.

And such is life : on, on, we go,
'Mid rose and thorn, 'mid weal and woe ;
Such is our destiny below.

Pilgrim ! what end dost thou pursue ?
Earth's honors fade like morning dew :
Keep thou a *glorious* one in view.

E P I S T L E.

TIME ! Time ! thou covetous old tyrant, stay !
Why dost purloin so rapidly away
Days, weeks, and months, with all that's fair and
sweet ?

A little longer leave them, I entreat.
Stay now, suspend thy flight, I beg of thee ;
And hear a lecture sage and good from me.
How couldst thou steal so many joyous hours
From summer's gay, enchanting, rosy bowers,
And e'en from autumn's wreath of dazzling hue
Select some gems of brightest lustre too,
Ere I had written to one dear to me
In days long past, when I thought not of thee ?
Indeed, I meant, ere these thefts were, to write,
As thou must know, thou old, bald-headed sprite !
Alas, alas ! how much thou steal'st away !
Roses from beauty, pleasures from the gay,
Friends from the loving, buoyant hopes from youth ;
All thou canst lay thy hands upon, forsooth ;

Dimples and smiles, and pretty ringlets bright, —
 All, all, thou bearest with thee in thy flight.
 But one thing we may learn, old Time, from thee :
 'Tis this, that precious must thy moments be ;
 That we must cherish thee, though short thy stay,
 Ay, though thou takest all that's dear away ;
 That we must love thee, court thee, use thee right,
 And then *fear not*, though hasty is thy flight.

Well now, my friend, this prelude being o'er,
 I'll mention what I should have done before,
 Instead of prating so to good old Time ;
 But do not regard this vagary a crime.
 And now, dearest E., for " the fly-away measure,"
 Which you are so fearful will never give pleasure :
 But your strains are varied, not always the same ;
 To condemn your epistles I think you to blame ;
 You handle them roughly, without glove or mitten ;
 Yet they surely please me, unto whom they are written ;
 And as to the measure, why, I like it much,
 Though it was chosen by B. Fudge, and such.
 'Tis lively and rapid and easy and flowing,
 Like a graceful young courser over plain going.

You ask me for poetry : fain would I write,
 If my muse would but deign to call on me to-night.

'Tis calm twilight too, just the moment, my friend,
 Just the time for her ladyship fair to descend.
 And methinks, 'mid the soft shades of yon rosy sky,
 With its hue on her cheek, her bright form I espy.
 Come hither, come hither, enchantress, I pray;
 Ah! why on yon pearly cloud linger to play?
 Alas! she will come not; then, false one, farewell!
 Her caprices, so wayward, I surely will tell.
 She likes not my room, my sanctum, you know,
 Where my thoughts and notions and sentiments flow;
 And told me, the last time she deigned it to grace,
 'Twás a comical, queer little, strange little place.
 But I care not for either her words or her looks;
 I adorn it with flowers, shells, paintings, and books,
 And all sorts of things that will chase away gloom;
 And to *me* 'tis a dear little, sweet little room.

The books that you mention I have not yet read,
 Yet know of their merits there has been much said.
 I've been reading "*Sartor Resartus*," a book
 That much of my thoughts and attention took.
 It has much of sentiment, humor, and wit;
 And, although it is odd, I must say I like it
 All the better for that; I will own that I do.
 There's a chapter on *dandies*, I know, would please
 you.

Our forests look gorgeously, splendidly, now,
 Ay, e'en from the valley to wild mountain-brow.
 No retreats of soft emerald hue can be found ;
 But rich crimson carpets are spread all around.
 Do come, dear Eliza, and wander with me
 O'er field and o'er meadow, 'mid valley and tree.
 'Tis a beautiful country around us, my dear,
 And often and often I wish you were here.
 Sometimes I wander through vale and through bower,
 And sometimes in fashion's gay hall pass an hour.
 Ah, dearest Eliza ! life's scenes, how they change,
 While thoughtless from folly to folly we range !
 How the beautiful visions of youth fade away,
 As the sweet flower droops on the cold autumn-day !
 How friend after friend from the fond heart is riven !
 Ah ! life's ever changing ; "*there's naught true but
 Heaven.*"

M Y S I S T E R .

My sister ! I remember thee, in days long, long gone
by,

When thou wast far too young, I thought, for me to
see thee die.

My sister ! I remember thee in happy days of yore,
And thought not that the time would come to see thee
here no more.

My sister dear ! I've cherished thee with care upon
my knee ;

Though thou wast younger but a few, a few short
years, than me.

I loved thee fondly ; ay, thou wert my little joy and
pride,

My own, my only sister dear ; I had no one beside.
Methinks I see thee now, sweet one ! thy pretty little
feet

In rapid motion o'er the floor, so eager me to meet,

When weary I returned from school, to claim the soft
embrace,

With thy dark hair clustering round thy little rosy
face ;

Methinks I hear thy merry laugh, thy simple prattle
gay,

Thy talk of what had taken place since I had been
away ;

All, all comes o'er me, and the time when thou wast
older grown :

Oh ! then it was a joy to me to think that not alone
The cold world ever must I meet, — my *sister* would
be near ;

And, in the heartless throng, how sweet to know *one*
friend sincere !

With scenes for ever fled, full well I recollect the
day

When first unto a festive hall I took thee, light and
gay ;

With radiant hopes thy spirit was, thy young heart
full of bliss.

How oft, 'mid after scenes of mirth, how oft I thought
of this !

We entered in, and soon I felt thy weight upon my
arm,

As if that thou didst fear, sweet one! the crowd
might do thee harm.

I felt thee tremble; thou didst cling instinctively to me;
And yet I knew the brilliant scene gave happiness to
thee.

Ah! why so sweet to cherish now the thoughts that
time did bring,

When, 'mid a heedless crowd, to me for succor thou
didst cling?

Perchance it is that ne'er again can one so dear as
thou

Claim soft support from me, or gaze persuasive on my
brow.

Time glided by, my sister dear! and thou wast here
no more;

A few short summers, and, alas! thy pilgrimage was
o'er.

Yes, thou didst die, beloved one! all reconciled and
meek,

While yet the rose of life undimmed was glowing on
thy cheek:

I saw death's signet on thy brow; I felt thy dying
kiss;

O ne'er-forgotten day of woe! and yet, to worlds of
bliss

I knew, I knew, thy spirit passed ; but thou from
earth wast gone :

And this, ah ! this my selfish heart can never cease to
mourn.

Yes, thou didst die : I felt alone, though other friends
were near.

They're tears of anguish that bedew an only sister's
bier.

Since that sad day, years, years have passed, and
many more may glide ;

Yet ever, my sweet sister ! shall I miss thee from my
side.

Ay, years have passed of joy and woe, yet oft I think
of thee ;

And oft I deem, my early-loved ! thy spirit near to
me.

In lonely grief, in sorrow's hour, I hear thy gentle
tone :

“ My sister dear,” it whispers soft, “ why weep ?
thou’rt not alone.”

Ah, blesséd spirit ! when for aye I quit this world of
woe,

When from my dying eyes doth fade each object here
below,

Wilt thou be near to welcome me with angel-smile
and voice,

To guide me where for evermore my spirit may re-
joice ?

THE WOODS.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

AND must I sad and pensive here remain,
While smileth all around me nature gay ?
Ah ! when again these confines shall I quit,
And roam 'mid fields and woodlands far away ?

How sweet, how sweet, o'er yonder gentle slope,
And o'er the summit of yon mountain's brow,
Those last, those fleeting rays of golden light
With glowing touch divine are lingering now !

Mark how yon aged monarch of the woods,
Yon rugged trunk, with branches rent and few,
Smiles, as in prime of beauty, while those rays
With soft embrace are bidding it adieu.

Oh ! how I long, I long to roam afar,
With bounding step and heart, away, away ;
Leave, for a time, the noisy haunts of men,
Amid the forest's winding depths to stray !

The woods ! the dear old woods ! I love them more
 Than richest hall with gold and silver drest :
 There do I lay aside each weary care,
 And there I feel each resident is blest.

I love the quiet happiness they give ;
 I love the holy thoughts they bring to me ;
 I love the life, the joyous life, that bursts
 From every flower and stream and rock and tree.

Ah ! there is much to learn in these dear haunts,
 E'en from the lowly shrub, the flowery sod :
 'Tis there I love to linger, there to muse,
 And there in silence commune with my God.

Yes, there to meditate ; to note His power
 Who has created all things to rejoice ;
 To feel his presence, mark his tender care,
 And in the whispering breeze to hear his voice.

And must I sad and pensive here remain,
 Weary and weak, from sober day to day,
 While yonder meadow seems to court my tread,
 And yonder lawn is decked with flowerets gay ?

Cease, cease, my soul ! some monitor is near,
 Some voice that bids my throbbing heart be still :
 The hand of God is on thee, it doth say ;
 Submit all unrepining to his will.

His mercies have been great, — his love how vast !
 Thy God hath raised thee from a bed of pain,
 Has calmed thy aching brow, thy feverish pulse,
 And soothed thine anxious spirit, — why complain ?

Be thankful that thine eye may gaze abroad
 On scenes of beauty : soon, too, may'st thou roam
 Where the wild, laughing streamlet glideth on :
 If otherwise may be, and if thy doom

Is ne'er again to roam 'mid joys of earth,
 Be yet resigned, — thy God doth ever right ;
 And fairer visions, fairer forms, may rise
 In worlds more beautiful, to bless thy sight.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

AND thou art dead, mild being! thou art gone!
Fair, gentle sister! death hath claimed thee then, —
Claimed thee while precious were the charms of life,
While hope was buoyant, future visions bright,
Ay, beautiful; revealing scenes of peace,
Of sweet domestic peace, of love and joy.
Yes, death hath claimed thee, while a mother's love,
In its first purity, was gushing warm
From thy young guileless heart; while other ties,
And one than all more sacred and more holy,
Bound thee here.

Fair, gentle one, mild being! thou art gone, —
Gone in thine early day, thy bloom of life!
Pale death hath put its impress on thy brow,
While yet for *thee* a mother's love was warm;
While hearts, that beat responsive unto thine
From earliest infancy, still cherished thee
With an undying love. Ah, death relentless!

Wherefore, oh ! tell us wherefore dost thou take
The young and beautiful, the loved, away ?
Why dost thou sever consecrated ties,
And with thy cold and startling presence crush
The brightest hopes of earth ?

O death ! thou art a mystery ; yet we know
There is a region, there are realms afar,
Where never, never comes thy chilling power.
Then weep not, ye bereaved ! a God is near :
His hand it was that dealt the fatal blow ;
His hand upholds you now ; his power will bless
And comfort and sustain. Weep not, weep not :
He will protect you through the storms of life ;
And, when ye bid adieu to earthly scenes,
Again the angelic spirit ye will meet,
Again to part no more.

A RETROSPECTION.

ALAS, life's tablet ! there are pages sad,
Most woful on it, often unrevealed,
Ay, all unknown to sympathizing heart.
E'en now a picture rises to my view
Of solemn *truth* : yet wherefore it should come,
Or who conveyed the tale, I cannot tell.
'Twas told me years ago, long after she,
The uncomplaining sufferer, slept in peace.
She was a widow, — so the tale began, —
Feeble and old and poor ; yet had she known
Far better days, for she had ever been
A willing worker in the path of life, —
The humble path assigned her : now, alas !
Old age had come upon her, with its train,
Its sad, sad train, of weaknesses and woes ;
And she did live alone, with none to aid,
Save with a scanty pittance seldom given.
She struggled hard, this aged, widowed one,
In meek and gentle patience to endure,

And pay, if possible, her little rent
 To a rough, cruel landlord. Oh, this world !
 Though noble hearts are in it, full of worth,
 And charity abounds, yet, yet there are
 Cold, griping, stony bosoms, that seem formed
 Of other clay than human. 'Twas the fate
 Of this poor being, destitute and lone,
 This aged woman in her dotage now,
 To feel the oppressor's ruthless, iron hand.
 She could not help it, poor enduring one :
 She owed him much, and he would often come
 With threats of taking all her little store,
 Her homely, plain, and simple furniture,
 Even the little table that she loved ;
 Each, every thing must go, — and so they did,
 Or nearly all ; and, when he left her door,
 How would this creature tremble when she threw
 Her aching limbs once more in quiet down,
 With mind bewildered, hardly knowing why
 She late had been excited, feeling naught
 But one deep trouble that she knew was hers ;
 Yet what it was she scarcely was aware !
 One day this heartless being came again —
 It was the *truth* they told me — yes, he came ;
 He came, ah me ! to take away her *bed*.
 And could such wretch exist ? — O God ! her *bed*.

I see her now, with feeble hands upraised,
Imploringly beseeching a reprieve ;
I see her now resisting as she could,
Striving with strength to clasp what seemed her all.

Thus ended not the picture : there was light,
Ay, there were light and beauty o'er it thrown.
I recollect it well : some friend arrived,
Some darling, long-lost son, or one as dear ;
The fainting heart rejoiced, the gloom dispersed,
Strength to the weak was given from above,
Sweet peace with radiant joy clasped hand in hand ;
And so the tale was o'er.

L I N E S.

THERE was a story told me of a boy,
Of tender feelings and of gentle soul,
An only child, who was the hope,
The pride, the darling, of a mother's heart.
To watch that mother's eye with earnest gaze,
And read her every wish, to him was joy ;
For, ah ! he felt there was a mutual cause
Of grief to both of them ; a cause, alas !
Which not the chilling hand of poverty,
Or sighs or tears, had ever yet allayed :
The father and the husband loved, far more
Than aught beside, the baneful, deadly cup.

This gentle child !—how often would he long
To throw himself within a father's arms,
And meet an eye of tenderness and love ;
Receive the soft caress from loving hand,
The sweet assurance, to a child so dear,
Of fatherly support ! Neglected one !

The stern rebuke was all that met thine ear,
 When thou with longing heart wouldst venture forth,
 Whene'er thy father's well-known step was heard.

And often would the child, with pensive air
 And look 'tis sad in infancy to see,
 Be seated silent by his mother's side,
 And think, and think, and grieve his little heart,
 That his once tender father loved him not,
 Compared with a far greater love, — his *rum*.

One day the mother heard (unusual sound)
 A scream of joy from her beloved boy;
 And soon, all breathless and with beaming eye,
 He rushed into her presence, calling out,
 "O mother! mother! father's coming home,
 And — and, dear mother, oh! — *he is not drunk!*"

MACKENZIE'S "MAN OF FEELING."

"THE Man of Feeling" — dearest book !
 And can it truly be
 The soul exists that loves thee not, —
 Doth not thy beauties see ?

I met thee in my infant day,
 And felt 'twas sad to part ;
 For in thy pages was a charm
 That touched my inmost heart.

Sweet, precious pages ! what the charm
 Around my soul ye bind ?
 On you, on you, that rarest gem, —
 A feeling heart's defined.

The world, the lofty, stoical,
 The hero great may call :
 To me one man of feeling true, —
 One Harley's worth them all.

Ah ! little book of genius rare,
Of delicacy great,
No heart of worldly mould did e'er
Thy gentle scenes create.

And last thy *love* — this, this is love
As angel might declare :
How *solemn* is the dying word !
What tenderness is there !

Dear little book ! I cannot paint
Thy worth as it should be :
I only know, I only feel,
Thou precious art to me.

VERMONT WINTER-SONG,

AS SUNG BY THE CHEENEY FAMILY.

Do ye know, do ye know, far away in the north
Is a land full of beautiful things ;
Where the snow-flakes are pure as the white summer
rose,
And the merry, merry sleigh-bell rings ?

Oh, this land has a charm to all others unknown,
When old winter comes scowling along !
Old winter ! the season for pleasure and mirth,
For the dance and the blithe jolly song.

When the daylight is o'er, and the stars in the sky,
And the moonbeams are playing about,
Is a right joyous time for the beaux and the girls,
With their dear pretty smiles, to be out.

Oh the blithe, merry ride over hill, over dale,
Over ice, and o'er mountains of snow !
“ With swift Morgan horses ” as fleet as the deer,
Full of fun, full of life, on they go !

Oh the sleigh-rides they have in the Green Mountain
State, —

Do ye know, do ye know what they are,
When the pure icy crystals are all lighted up
By the moon and the glittering star?

Hark, hark to the bells, how they jingle along,
'Mid the laugh and the wild note of glee!
While the hearts that are beating 'neath wrappers and
furs,
From all shackles but true love are free.

And then when arrived, what a glorious sight
Is the cheering, the bright rosy fire!
How it rises, and crackles, and blazes away,
As they pile the wood higher and higher!

And now for the dance, and the frolic and game,
While the nuts and the apples go round,
What a time! what a time! while, with song and with
shout,
The gay, merry voices resound.

O Vermont, loved Vermont, with thy soft summer
 charms,

 With thy wild winds and deep winter snows!

Dear, dear are thy glad festive visions of joy,

 And dear are thy scenes of repose.

How peaceful the hearth of thy laboring sons,

 When the cares of the daylight are o'er,

With their warm, honest hearts, and their strong,
 hardy frames,

 By *exercise* formed to endure!

Then hail to Vermont, with her wool and her corn,

 With her cheese, "and all that sort of thing"!

Let her snows beat away, and her winter-gales blow,

 Yet, hail to Vermont, we will sing!

E P I S T L E.

AND now I take my pen in hand,
My friend, to write to you,
Although I've not a word to say
That's pretty or that's new.
I thank you much for all you wrote
About the city fine ;
And wish, as you, we had with us
Those charming flowers of thine.
The dust and mud you may keep there,
And welcome, dear, for me ;
But, oh ! how highly should I prize
A sweet bouquet from thee !
How beautiful, how exquisite,
These gentle flowerets are !
They are affection's sweetest gift,
Her loveliest by far :
There is some charm more powerful
Than beauty o'er them thrown,
"A something that *will* touch the heart,"
A language all their own :

They speak not to the heart of pride,
 Like gold or glittering gem ;
 But whisper of a purer clime,
 All beautiful, like them.

We have delightful weather now :
 How I should love with you
 To roam, these soft, enchanting days,
 Our noble forests through !
 The singing birds are carolling
 On every bush and tree :
 Do you not love their melody ?
 There's none so sweet to me.
 I'd rather roam in solitude,
 'Mid peaceful vale and bower,
 Than gaze on the proud city's charms
 In her most gorgeous hour.
 Our tranquil sabbaths, too,—how calm,
 How different from thine !
 They often bring unto my mind
 That fine poetic line,
 "*Noontide is sleeping on yon hill ;*"
 Not e'en the sabbath-bell
 Is heard amid these solitudes
 Its sacred hour to tell.

Oh! dear amid these vales and hills
 Its melody would be,
 And sweetly would its soft notes chime
 With nature's minstrelsy.
 Yet think not from the public eye
 The holy day we spend;
 From smiling villages around
 The glittering spires ascend,
 And often do we there resort;
 But yet, my friend, to me,
 There's something in the silence, peace,
 The sweet tranquillity
 Of nature, and her beauteous works,
 That, at this sacred time,
 Doth with the spirit's holiest thoughts
 Most sweetly, deeply chime.

And do you not begin to think
 You long enough have stayed,
 And long enough a visit now
 From old New England made?
 Indeed you know not what it is:
 New Orleans' autumn air,
 To it you ne'er have been exposed,
 But — *God is everywhere.*

MARY AND HAMPDEN.

BRIGHT, beautiful beings of love and joy,
Ah! where have ye strayed away?
Where, where is the smile, and the bounding step,
And the innocent voices gay?

I have looked for your fairy-like, gentle forms
O'er each dear and familiar spot;
I have wandered where oft ye were wont to roam;
But, alas! I have found you not.

I deemed that, amid the fair flowers abroad,
Like you in soft beauty arrayed,
As oft I have seen you in past happy time,
With hand clasped in hand you had strayed.

Not there were ye seen. Ruddy morning appears,
Shedding glory o'er woodland and cot;
And evening serene draws her curtain around;
But yet, gentle ones, ye are not.

Oh! where have ye wandered, bright beings of love?

Can it be that your days are o'er?

And, 'mid the delights of your own infant-home,

Shall we never again see you more?

No, never again we behold you here;

For the soft-beating heart is still;

And in death is the beautiful eyelid closed:

'Tis our heavenly Father's will.

Not, not on the earth will you e'er be seen;

Earth's trials are not for ye:

From her sorrows and cares, and desponding grief,

For ever, sweet ones! ye are free.

Ye have wandered to regions more glorious far,

'Mid flowers that never decay;

Unto Him who did bless and receive such as you,

Bright spirits, ye've strayed away.

Then mourn not, ye parents! that short was the time

These dearly loved treasures were given:

Again shall ye meet in unspeakable bliss;

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

THE MEXICAN WOMAN.

A TRUE STATEMENT, VERSIFIED.

I stood upon the battle-field : the sound
Of war had ceased awhile ; and all was still, —
Still, save the feeble groans of dying men.
I looked around, when, lo ! a female form
With eager step came near, and raised the head
Of one poor sufferer from the blackened turf,
And gave him food and drink. Then did she tear
Her kerchief from her head, to bind his wound,
With gentle, tender care. To others, too,
She gave a like supply, till all was gone,
And then returned for more. I saw her come
Yet once again, with mercy in her look
I saw her come ; — and then I heard a gun.
Great God ! she fell : I saw this creature die.
I felt my heart turn sick. I looked above ;
“ O God in heaven ! ” I said, “ and *is this war ?* ”

S O N G .

I KNEW a hearth where bright eyes met :
Why is my spirit sad ?
For round that hearth there only thronged
The sweet, the pure, the glad.

Alas ! how much is in the word,
That simple word, *I knew !*
Yet can we ever cease to love
The beautiful and true ?

Ah ! 'mid the varied scenes of life,
Its hour of woe or mirth,
How oft my heart will wander back
To that beloved hearth ; —

And trust, though years may desolate
That once so-cherished spot,
There may remain one gentle heart
That will forget me not !

I knew a hearth where bright eyes met :
 Why is my spirit sad ?
For round that hearth there only thronged
 The sweet, the pure, the glad.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND'S FAVORITE DOG.

REST thou in peace, lamented one !

Thy little day is o'er ;

There's naught to trouble or alarm

Or ever grieve thee more.

To grieve thee ? and did ever care

Thy faithful heart assail ?

Was it *thy* fate, beloved one !

Life's troubles to bewail ?

Did not affection bend o'er thee,

And gentle tone address ?

Were not kind feelings ever thine,

With loving, soft caress ?

Ah ! yes, thy lot in life was peace :

Love never-ceasing, true,

Unwavering as thy constant heart,

Dear Hunter ! cared for you.

And though to thee was all denied
 Thy gratitude to tell
 By language spoken, yet we knew,
 We ever knew it well.

We saw it in the expressive eye,
 The tender, mute caress :
 Yes, all was ever told and done,
 All that thou *couldst*, to bless.

Then rest in peace : thy day is o'er ;
 Yet dear will ever be
 Thy memory to the hearts that knew,
 The hearts that cherished thee.

They scorn it not, such love ; for He
 Whose care is over all
 Hath naught created for *his* love,
His kind regard, too small.

Then shall *frail man* reject whate'er
 May soothe or cheer his lot ?
 Shall Heaven's minutest blessings be
 By *erring man* forgot ?

It cannot be ; and thus was given
To one of lowly kind
The love — but next to love divine —
Of human heart and mind.

But he, the faithful one, for aye
Hath vanished from our sight :
His loving glance, his mute appeal,
Will ne'er again delight.

Then rest in peace, dear Hunter ! rest ;
Yet never wilt thou be
Forgotten by the hearts that knew,
The hearts that cherished thee.

THE FIRST NAME.

"The name Leonard was consecrated to him by all his dearest and fondest recollections. He had been known by it on his mother's knees, and in the humble cottage of that aunt who had been to him a second mother; and by the wife of his bosom, his first, last, and only love. Margaret had never spoken to him, never thought of him, by any other name. From the hour of her death, no human voice ever addressed him by it again."

No, no! there is no name, no other name,
 So dear, so tender, as the *first* we know.
 Ah! when the ne'er-forgotten days of youth,
 With all their keen delights, have long gone by,
 And we have stood the world's indifferent glance
 Through many a weary year, and felt how few,
 How very few, there were, amid its din,
 Its hubbub and confusion, pride and strife, —
 Alas! how few there were whose love was ours,
 Ah! then should some once well-belovéd voice
 Address us by the dear, familiar name
 That echoed round our cradle, from the lips
 Of her, our first, our fondest, truest friend, —
 The only name in early day we knew,
 Oft, oft repeated in affection's tone

By sister gentle and by brother dear,
 Perchance, with timid voice, by her we loved
 When time had added something to our brow
 Of manliness, — how will the bosom thrill !
 How tender will the gush of feeling be
 That o'er the heart will come, calling again
 To life and freshness hours and days and scenes
 That long have slept within the spirit's depths,
 Smothered by contact with the chilling world !

And, when not one remains whose right it is
 To call us by this simple, tender name,
 It must be dead, for ever dead, to us.
 Years may pass on, and many friends surround ;
 Yet never, never, will that treasured sound
 Be spoke to us by human lips again.
 And what of this ? the unrefined will say, —
 Pardon the word ; the *thoughtless*, it may be.
 What—didst thou say ? — of this ? Go, ask the pure,
 The simple beings, in that book unique.
 “The Doctor” called, and they will tell, — ay, they,
 And such as them, — will tell thee *what of this*.

VAIN WORLD, ADIEU.

VAIN world, adieu ! soon, soon, I must away :
 More slight each hour I feel my hold on life :
 Spirit confined ! thou hast not long to stay
 Amid these wearying scenes of care and strife.

Yes, soul immortal ! thou must spread thy wing,
 Far, far away 'mid unknown worlds to soar :
 Death, mighty conqueror ! I fear not thy sting ;
 I go where earthly trials vex no more.

Whisper, ye angels ! guardian seraphs, tell,
 What radiant scenes may burst upon its sight,
 When the glad spirit drops its mortal shell,
 And, free and unimpeded, wings its flight.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard, the joy
 That may await it in the world of bliss :
 Then why, my soul ! oh ! why should e'er annoy
 The fleeting griefs, the transient woes, of this ?

Father of mercy ! hear my humble prayer :

When earth's illusions vain no more are mine,
When cold this brow, death's pallid signet there,
Wilt thou receive my spirit ? — it is thine.

UPON VISITING THE CONGRESSIONAL CEMETERY
AT WASHINGTON.

SOLEMN the thoughts that steal upon me now,
As here I stray : these monuments do bring
Sad musings to the soul ; they bid us feel —
In no illusive sense, by whisper slight,
But in reality, in *very truth* —
How frail, how perishing, is earthly fame.

Yes, here they lie, — the honored and the loved ;
The stranger from the strange, the far-off land ;
The husband and the father and the friend ;
The seeker of a happiness unfound ;
The lover of that fame he ne'er might win ;
The adventurer, who left with motive high,
His home afar, to find, alas ! how false
Are earth's alluring honors and her hopes,
How vain *his* power to stir the heart of man,
To sigh in secret for a home of peace,
Alone to feel, then lay him down and die.

Ye myrtles that are twining o'er the graves,
The home of death ; and all ye gentle plants,
That breathe soft odor round, and charm the eye
With beauty ever felt ! ye, too, do tell,
Do whisper of the changes that await
Each pilgrim of this sublunary life.

Ay, solemn feelings steal upon my heart
As here I stray : when will the sleepers wake ?
God grant that *now*, in an enduring home,
They may have found a bliss unknown to earth,
Where no illusion cheats, but truth divine,
Truth native, glorious, shall for ever reign.

MY OLD BOOKCASE.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

My old bookcase ! long time has passed
 Since first I knew thee, bright and gay ;
 Years of delight and years of woe
 Have flown for aye, since then, away.
 And now they tell me thou art worn,
 And destitute of modern grace :
 It may be so ; yet still I love,
 I dearly love, my old bookcase.

Thou bringest to my memory now
 Sweet visions of my early days,
 When hope tinged every fleeting hour
 With her divinest, brightest rays.
 Ah ! scenes that worldly cares or grief,
 Or radiant joy, can ne'er efface,
 One glance at thee will oft recall,
 My own, my ever-loved bookcase !

Yes, thou wast mine when she, the star
 Of my young days, first blessed mine eye ;
 And through her years of truth and love,
 And holy aims, hast thou been by.
 Oh ! dear to me thine ancient form,
 As I these years do oft retrace ;
 And ever will I guard thee well,
 My venerated, dear bookcase !

Thou keep'st in safety on thy shelf
 Pages that oft have cheered my heart :
 The tale of mirth, the classic line,
 The modern lay, thou canst impart.
 Though grave thy look, yet thou canst tell
 Strange stories of the human race, —
 It may be, not more strange than true,
 Though marvellous, my dear bookcase !

And precious moral truths from thee
 Do often elevate the mind :
 Dear words that point to brighter scenes,
 Adorning thee, we often find.
 When fears alarm and woes depress,
 Thou guidest to a resting-place :
 Thine is " the still, small voice " we love,
 My sacred, my revered bookcase !

I glory that around my heart

 The ties of early life have power,
That manhood's cares cannot dispel

 The pure delights of youthful hour.

Ah ! then, let others boast of style,

 And talk of fashion and of grace :

I ever shall be true to thee,

 My faithful, useful old bookcase !

E P I S T L E.

THOUGH not "where Alpine solitudes ascend"
 Do I sit down to write to thee, my friend,
 Yet amid charms that e'en with them may vie,
 'Mid fascinations of the earth and sky,
 In a secluded, quiet, little vale,
 Where, murmuring soft, the gentle summer gale
 Just waves the heavy branches, bending low
 To kiss the violets beneath that grow,—
 In this retreat, from all intruders free,
 Sacred almost to forest-bird and me,
 It long has been my pleasure and delight
 To sit and meditate,— nay, read or write.
 Now, as I know you have, as well as I,
 This roaming, wandering, wild propensity,
 And love trees, bushes, grass, rock, vale, and hill,
 And all that sort of thing, I surely will
 Not hesitate to speak of my retreat;
 It being, as some ladies say, so *sweet*.

Well then, this spot, this darling little place,
 Encircled is with trees, which interlace
 Their drooping, graceful branches all around ;
 Within, the turf is soft, and clear the ground.
 One only spot admits the distant view,
 And, had I power, I'd sketch its charms for you :
 You see far off arise, bold, free, and grand,
 The green-clad mountains of our forest land ;
 Nearer the peaceful river winds its way,
 Clear, soft, and sparkling in the sunny ray ;
 This lovely stream, the theme of many a song,
 Doth here 'mid richest verdure steal along ;
 While little modest rivulets do play,
 Scattered like silvery threads o'er meadows gay.
 And groves romantic beautify the scene,
 Combining every hue and shade of green ;
 The waving elm and sturdy oak unite
 With maple, ash, and fir, to charm the sight.
 Oft, too, is seen that favorite of mine,
 The monarch of the woods, the lofty pine ;
 Now here, now there, it rears its head on high,
 Undaunted, firm, aspiring to the sky.

And now I fain would speak of one dear spot
 Where much I loved to wander, — 'tis the cot

Just seen by yonder elm ; ah, often there,
 From that lone, modest shed, the humble prayer
 Of fervent piety arose to Heaven !

The tenant there with grief had often striven :
 She was a lonely widow, and had known
 Full well the world's reverses. Years had flown,
 Ah ! many, many years had passed away,
 Since round that cottage echoed voices gay.

The sportive shout had once resounded there ;
 Round that abode glanced faces bright and fair ;
 The father from the field hath oft returned,
 When cheeringly the evening fire burned
 To welcome home the much-loved weary one,—
 There sweet to rest, his daily labor done.

And oft the plenteous table hath been spread,
 And many a gay and pleasant joke been said
 By grateful beings round that blazing hearth.
 Alas ! why trust to happiness on earth ?

The fell destroyer came ; the flowerets fair,
 That grew remote from worldly tempest there,
 He crushed ; and laid the manly brow
 Of him, the father and the husband, low.

And she, bereft, the widow, lived alone ;
 And never for long years there came a tone

From kin of hers her stricken heart to cheer ;
 No fond, familiar voice was ever near.
 She lived, resigned and peaceful, all alone ;
 And, when I knew her first, she then had grown
 Quite old and feeble. Often would I stray
 From business and from daily cares away,
 To sit with her ; and she would often tell
 Of days and beings loved, and what befell.
 I found her ever well employed and neat,
 And oft, in pleasant weather, on the seat
 She loved, close by the open door ; and there,
 In her old, upright, uninviting chair,
 She'd sit and spin or knit, with apron blue
 (Now rarely seen) and cap of whitest hue.
 I loved to hear her talk ; and never heard,
 In all our converse, one repining word.
 Her mind seemed ever peaceful, calm, serene,
 Grateful for many comforts, cheerful e'en.
 Ah, yes ! she was a Christian, truly so !
 I felt it was a privilege to know
 One of such trustful, elevated mind ;
 And then to me she was so tender, kind,
 A mother's love seemed reigning in her heart ;
 And, after I was called from mine to part,
 She called me *child*. I many friends have known,
 Yet never shall forget the soothing tone

Of this poor widow in my hour of woe.
 When winter came, with chilling frost and snow,
 She often left her home, and went away
 With some kind neighboring friend awhile to stay ;
 And I have looked and longed for her return,
 And thought the dreary winter days too long.
 Last spring I watched again her humble shed,
 But she came not : they told me she was dead.
 None knew my feelings. Ah ! that spot to me,
 How desolate ! how sad ! How mournfully
 Yon aged tree responds to passing gale,
 With its low, plaintive, melancholy wail !
 Yes, lowly cot, I've often found a balm
 To worldly cares, and felt a holy calm
 Come o'er my soul, when sheltered there by thee ;
 And, though those days can ne'er return to me,
 I love thee still : thou lookest meek as then,
 But think I ne'er can lift thy latch again.

I feel as if apology were due
 Almost, dear Edith, even unto you,
 For dwelling on what interests me so long.
 Apology ? No, Edith, I am wrong :
 Were we not friends in childhood, friends in youth ?
 And did we ever doubt each other's truth ?

Oh ! dost thou recollect that happy day,
 When in the arbor, by the lilies gay,
 We promised we would love each other well,
 Through every change of life, whate'er befell ?
 And have we not, my friend, 'mid smiles and tears ?
 Ah ! how the memory of those golden years
 Comes o'er my spirit, bringing visions gay
 Of time for ever, ever past away !
 Do you remember that sweet shady spot
 Down by the willows, where we often brought
 Fresh flowers to twine in wreaths ? How often there
 We've loitered hours away, devoid of care ;
 Free, joyous, happy, as the birds that sung
 The venerated willow-trees among !
 Do you remember, too, the sparkling brook,
 With its round polished pebbles, where we took
 So oft our ever-cherished twilight stroll ?
 And then the quiet lane, so green and cool ;
 And, oh ! the swing suspended from the elm ;
 The roses, too, you must remember them, —
 The sweet-brier roses that we loved so well ?
 Surely, my friend, there must have been a spell
 Around those days, some halo o'er them cast,
 That made them all too fair, too bright, to last.
 Ah ! in some fairer, purer region, say,
 Will this bright halo *ever* fade away ?

It cannot be : no earthly tears are there,
No sorrow, grief, anxiety, or care,
To dim its lustre : brighter will it glow,
Yes, far, far brighter than we e'er can know,
Can e'er imagine, while we linger here, —
What joyous hopes the weary heart to cheer !

PLACE NOT YOUR HOPES ON THINGS OF EARTH.

PLACE not your hopes on things of earth :

There is no bliss, no joy,
 No happiness, for mortal man,
 Without its sad alloy.
Expect not much of bliss below ;
 Dream not, fond mortal ! here :
 Like fancy's airy castles bright,
 These visions disappear.

No : trust thou not the joys of earth,
 Not for a day, an hour :
 Sharp thorns are lurking by the side
 Of her most precious flower.
 Trust not, trust not : the morn may ope
 Most gloriously clear ;
 But, ere an hour, dark clouds arise :
 Place no dependence here.

Not, not on glory, wealth, or fame ;

They are of mortal birth :

Love, yet remember thou how frail

The fairest flowers of earth.

Ah! trust not, then, these wayward joys ;

They fade, they droop, they *die* :

Look thou above, beyond, for bliss ;

There is a heaven on high.

THE BED OF DEATH.

THE bed of death, it is a solemn scene.
 There lieth one about to render up
 His last account to the great Judge of all;
 To leave for ever, ever bid adieu
 To, earth's allurements, sublunary joys, —
 All, all forsake, to enter worlds unknown,
 Scenes never tried. Consideration vast!
 The spirit is to leave its house of clay,
 And, ere another hour has passed, to stand
 Before its God. Oh solemn moment!
 Tread with lighter step: perhaps, e'en now,
 Angels are near to waft it far away.
 Keep silence, then; be still; the room in which
 Ye are is holy. Watch the dying eye;
 It seems to gleam with happiness not yours.
 One struggle more, — a spirit is released;
 That temple is destroyed, destroyed for aye.
 See the lip quiver, mark the pallid brow:
 A sigh escapes, the spirit yet is there.

Heard ye not music ? hark ! there surely was
 A soft, melodious strain. Some angel-band
 Is near ; while others throng, methinks, with looks
 Of joy and tenderness divine, around
 The dying couch ; and some there are who seem
 Like min'stering angels to the grieved in heart,
 Instilling comfort, whispering words of peace.
 Ay, 'tis a holy scene, this bed of death.
 Look ye again : there is a gentle smile,
 A mild, seraphic smile, upon that lip.
 The eye is on you turned ; it is the last,
 The last adieu : how beautiful it seems !
 Such gushing tenderness, such strength of love,
 From yonder feeble frame ! 'Tis finished now ;
 The light has faded from that beaming eye.
 It has departed, gone to other worlds.
 The soul has left the body ; we are lone.
 Oh ! *not* alone the afflicted of the earth.
 Still angel-forms are near. A God of love
 Doth ne'er forsake his children : he will bind
 The wounds that he has made, will whisper peace,
 When all seems dark and desolate. Oh ! then,
 Ye grieved and stricken hearts ! be still, be still,
 And know the hand of God.

“HEAVEN AND EARTH SHALL PASS AWAY; BUT
MY WORDS SHALL NOT PASS AWAY.”

OH world of beauty ! sky and mount
And rivulet how fair !
Ah nature ! wheresoc'er we roam,
Thy gentle charms are there.

Yet, when I gaze on hill and dale,
On stream or sunny ray,
There is one melancholy thought :
Must all things pass away ?

And when I leave this fair abode,
And wander into space,
Must I forget my earthly home,
My soul's first resting-place ?

Ay, all may vanish as a dream,
For ever pass away ;
All we have known may but have been
Created for a day.

Yet wherefore mourn ? The sun may pale,
The moon forget her light ;
Earth with her glories disappear
In gloomy, rayless night :

Yet there is what will aye endure,
Though heaven and earth decay ;
The words, *the precious words of Christ*,
Will never pass away.

“LO ! I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS, EVEN UNTO THE
END OF THE WORLD.”

Lo ! I am with you, when the world
Hath grieved thy trusting heart,
And thy pure efforts are contemned,
And thou rejected art.
When foes are near, and hope expires,
And friends are cold and few,
Remember the despised of men :
Lo, I am there with you.

And in the hour of chastened mirth
And innocent delight,
When every care is lulled to rest
’Mid cheering visions bright ;
When ye exult with hearts of joy,
In gentle friendship true,
And loving smiles and words abound,
Lo ! I am then with you.

And in the dreary hour of woe,
 When happiness has fled,
 When some beloved and gentle form
 Lies pale and cold and dead,
 When thy once glad and smiling home
 Resounds with grief and care,
 And every joy seems crushed in tears,
 Lo ! I am with you there.

And in the sad and erring hour
 When passion wild may reign,
 And thou from some forbidden sin,
 Alas ! may not refrain, —
 Ah ! when 'mid dark, unhallowed paths,
 Thy Saviour is forgot,
 And thou griev'st him who died to save,
 E'en then I leave you not.

And when the years, the sober years,
 Of feeble age draw nigh,
 And a faint mist is gathering fast
 O'er earth and sea and sky ;
 When soon the silver cord may loose,
 The golden bowl may break ;
 When fears arise and cares dismay,
 Lo ! I do not forsake.

And in that last and solemn hour
 When icy death is near,
When the immortal soul must quit
 Its earthly temple here ;
When darker, darker is the light,
 More faint the voice of friend,
Lo ! I am there to soothe and bless, —
 I'm with you to the end.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

“Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, ‘Cause every man to go out from me;’ and there stood no man with him while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren. And he wept aloud.”

THEY stood within the palace, awed, subdued,
 A few short hours; and they had deemed that soon
 Before their aged father’s longing eyes,
 With him, his best-beloved, they should appear.
 But now what doom awaits them, summoned back
 By Egypt’s mighty lord? They had not sinned;
 Yet he, the purest, gentlest of the band,
 Seemed guilty now. “Alas! alas!” they cried,
 “Our father! it will bring, oh! sure ’twill bring
 His reverend hairs with sorrow to the grave,
 Should we alone return; the promise made,
 The sacred, solemn promise unfulfilled.”

And now, in Egypt’s snowy scarf arrayed,
 With golden chain encircled, rich and rare,

His aspect noble, beautiful, but yet
 With much unwonted sternness on his brow,
 Before them Joseph stood. "What deed is this
 That ye have done?" he said: "do ye know not,
 That such a one as I can sure divine?
 Now let the man who hath the cup remain,
 And all the rest return, — depart in peace."
 Oh! sad the word to leave the youngest-born,
 Him whom their aged sire so oft with tears
 Entreated them to guard and bring again.
 Then unto Egypt's ruler Judah spoke:
 "My lord! my lord!" he said, "oh! hear me now;
 Let thy unworthy servant speak, I pray.
 Our father now is old; his silvery locks
 Are thin and spare; he has in days gone by
 Known much of woe, and now his time is short.
 This boy he loves; he is the pride, the joy,
 Delight of his old age: one more he had;
 But he is gone? and shouldst thou take away
 This one, this cherished one, alas! 'twill bring
 His reverend head with sorrow to the grave.
 And now, oh, grant my wish! let *me* remain
 A bondman to my lord; but let the lad,
 Oh! let the lad return to bless his sire."
 The brother heard; and feelings long restrained,
 Deep-buried love, he could no more refrain.

"Cause every one to leave me," he exclaimed ;
 Then, turning, saw his brethren alone.
 "Do you not know me then ?" he gently said ;
 "My brothers ! I am Joseph." It was all
 This noble-minded lost one then could say.
 He wept aloud. Amazed they heard the word,
 But could not speak. Oh ! what the feelings then
 That quelled their hearts, and awed their secret souls ?
 Again he spoke : "My brethren, fear me not.
 Come ye, oh ! come unto my longing heart :
 Come near, I pray." Then the belovéd one,
 His mother's son, he fondly did embrace ;
 With tears he pressed him to his beating heart ;
 And the young brother wept for joy of soul.
 And kindly, too, he spoke and wept with all.
 "Grieve not, grieve not," he said, "for what ye did :
 It was God's holy will to send me here.
 And oh ! our father, he is yet alive ?
 Go unto him, and say that Joseph lives ;
 Tell him he's lord of Egypt, Pharaoh's friend ;
 Entreat him come to bless his long-lost son.
 Here shall the eve of his devoted life
 Pass sweetly by ; here will I nourish all.
 Come with your children and your flocks and herds ;
 And in this favored country ye shall dwell,
 And God will bless and keep you."

And there was joy in Pharaoh's house that day,
 When all was known ; and peace, sweet peace,
 Such as dwells only with the pure and good,
 In Joseph's heart.

I cannot paint the scene,
 The bliss of soul the aged sire expressed,
 When he was told that his beloved son,
 For whom he long had mourned, as of the dead,
 Was yet alive. "It is enough," he said.
 "I ask no more. Joseph, my son, yet lives ;
 And I will go, and see him ere I die."

And now, behold ! from Canaan, a band
 Of parents and of children, drawing near,
 In joy and pride of heart, to Egypt's land ;
 When, lo ! a chariot of state, and he,
 The ruler there, the brother, son, advances.
 Joy lighted up the aged father's eye.
 "'Tis he ; it is my son !" he said ; and soon
 Within his arms, and on his neck he hung,
 And wept, and then embraced, and wept again.
 "Now let me die," said he ; "for I have seen
 Thy face yet once again, my son ! my son !"

JEPHTHAH'S VOW.

THE battle's o'er : the hero comes
 Flushed with the pride of victory,
With martial sound, and martial tread,
 With splendor, pomp, and revelry.

But shadows flit around that brow,
 Some inward fear or grief revealing :
Ah ! sure within that spirit brave
 There are some fearful visions stealing.

“ Away,” he said, “ dark thoughts, away !
 God will prepare a victim meet ;
Base fear I scorn, 'tis not for me ;
 Rest to the weary one is sweet.”

His home is near ; and now behold
 A soft and gentle band advance,
The soldier brave to welcome there,
 With timbrel sweet, with song and dance.

Who can lead on this joyous throng ?
 He strained his eager eye to see ;
 Nearer and nearer came the sound ;
 “ My God ! my God ! it cannot be.”

The blood forsook his manly brow ;
 “ Alas ! alas ! my child,” he cried,
 “ My only joy, my only one,
 Would for my country I had died !”

With bounding heart and fairy step,
 Graceful and beautiful, she came,
 A daughter's welcome to bestow,
 A father's loving kiss to claim.

What were earth's fleeting honors then ?
 He pressed her to his beating heart :
 “ My child, my child, one last embrace,
 Ere we, O God ! for ever part.”

“ Part, dearest father !” low she said,
 “ Oh wherefore ? why that troubled brow ?”
 In broken words he told her then,
 Told of his rash, his fatal vow.

One start, and then her soul-lit eye
 Beamed with a majesty divine :
 “ Father, if thou to God hast sworn,
 Retract it not, — the victim’s thine.

“ But, O my father ! thou who art
 More dear to me than aught beside ;
 Thou who from infancy hast been
 All tenderness, my trust, my guide ;

“ Thou who didst teach my infant-voice
 The holy, cherished song of praise, —
 One little boon thou’lt not refuse :
 Grant me but this, — a few short days,

“ To look on all the lovely things
 That have been dear, so dear to me ;
 To speak of all my infant bliss,
 And tell of all my love to thee ;

“ To gaze on earth and sea and sky,
 And take a last, a fond adieu
 Of gentle hearts that love me well,
 The kind, the tender, and the true.

“Thou wilt forgive a woman’s heart ;
I own, I know her spirit mine :
But yet, oh yet, when trial comes,
That spirit shall be bold as thine.”

He bade her go ; and after, oft
Would Israel’s dark-eyed daughters meet,
With pensive strains to pour lament
For her, the beautiful and sweet.

SOLOMON'S PRAYER.

1 KINGS, CHAP. viii.

LORD God of Israel ! hear our prayer :
There is no God in heaven above,
Or earth, that can with thee compare,
Thou God of mercy, God of love !
Our father's God ! oh, hear us now ;
Look down from heaven, and bid us live ;
Hear the petition, hear the vow ;
And, when thou hearest, oh ! forgive.

Our Father ! from thy throne on high
Behold in love thy people here ;
Regard the contrite, humble cry ;
The joy, the gratitude, the tear.
This temple, holy may it be ;
Our offerings ever here receive ;
And, when our prayers ascend to thee,
Our sins, our sins, great God ! forgive.

Oh, keep us, Lord ! from every ill,
 From pestilence, and famine drear :
 Should aught appal, we would be still,
 And feel and know that thou art here.
 And when we sin, thou God of grace !
 And pray, implore thee, mercy have ;
 Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place ;
 And, when thou hearest, oh ! forgive.

Have pity, Lord ! on all oppressed
 With pain, anxiety, or grief ;
 Oh ! ever comfort the distressed,
 And to the captive grant relief.
 Beneath thy kind, protecting wing
 May we for ever, ever live ;
 Hear thou the offerings now we bring ;
 And, when thou hearest, Lord ! forgive.

Jehovah ! may thy spirit fill
 This house we dedicate to thee ;
 Subdue us ever to thy will,
 And in thine holy temple be.
 Surely should we, thy chosen race,
 To thee our adoration give :
 Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling-place ;
 And, when thou hearest, oh ! forgive.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

“And as he went out of Jericho, with his disciples and a great number of people, blind Bartimeus, the son of Timeus, sat by the highway-side begging. And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out, and say, ‘Jesus, thou son of David! have mercy on me.’”

OH! weary seemed the time, and long, to him,
 The poor old man, as he would sit alone,
 Unnoticed, unregarded, through the day.
 There meek he sat in solitude, though oft
 Did busy feet pass by, and merry sounds
 Ring on his listening ear. Yet not for him,
 The tone of friendship warm, — and not for him,
 The jocund speech was made. Oh! could he join,
 One moment join, in social feeling with
 The beings of his kind, his fellow-men!
 Could he but hear a voice addressed to him,
 One tone of sympathy, one gentle word,
 Implying he was not considered quite
 An outcast from his race! But, weary one!
 Poor, sightless, weary one! alas, alas!
 But seldom, seldom, did compassion’s eye

Rest on thy shrunken form, thy pallid cheek.
 The tear might stray, and silently, unmarked,
 Be wiped away : the world thought not of thee.

And now, what sounds approach ? what rush is this
 Unusual ? why this throng, this pressing throng,
 And eager whispers near ? ah ! why was this ?
 Jesus of Nazareth was passing by.
 The blind man heard the word : it was enough.
 With sudden resolution, he exclaimed,
 “ Jesus, thou son of David ! look on me ;
 Have mercy, mercy, blessed one ! on me.”
 “ Silence !” they said around ; “ hold now thy peace !
 For who art thou that calleth Christ ? Be still.”
 But yet he cried again, and yet again,
 “ Jesus, thou son of David ! mercy show
 E’en unto me, a blind, forsaken one.”
 Our Saviour stopped : he heard the call, and looked.
 “ Bring him to me,” he said. And now they come
 To where the unfortunate, with eager ear,
 Was listening for each sound. “ He calls : arise.
 Jesus is calling thee : be comforted.”
 “ Ah ! is it so ?” he said, and raised his hands,
 His thin, his withered hands ; “ ah ! is it so ?
 Oh ! say the word again ; and shall I go ?”
 He lingered not, but tore, with eager haste,

His outer garment from his shrivelled form,
And came, with throbbing heart, where Jesus was.
“What wilt thou that I do to thee?” said one
Whose voice for ever reached the inmost soul.
“Lord! Lord! that I may see,” the blind replied.
“Go on thy way,” said Jesus, “and fear not.
Thy faith hath made thee whole.”

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

"Then said Jesus unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead."

A BROTHER dies ; and tears of grief are shed,
Ay, bitter tears of agony and woe,
By those who loved him well, by those who round
The same domestic hearth with him were reared ;
Who oft had breathed with him the fervent prayer,
And raised the sacred song of holy praise.
The sisters had bent o'er his dying bed,
Had listened to his quick and fleeting breath,
Had watched his every look with that intense,
That deep, deep interest, which only those
Who e'er have stood around the dying couch
Of the beloved, the idolized, can know.
And now, when the last gasp was o'er, when the
Dear voice of him, the brother of their love,
No more was heard, and death sat calm upon
The marble brow, then did, alas ! their loss,
In all its deep severity, come o'er
Their troubled hearts. Oh ! where is He ? they cried,

Our comforter ? where is the blessed one ;
 He who in gentle accents oft hath soothed
 Our griefs, and whispered peace ; Jesus, our friend,
 Our guide ; the friend of him whom now within
 The grave, the cold, dark grave, we laid ; oh ! where
 Is he ? — Days passed away ere they,
 The stricken ones, were told their Lord was nigh.
 Then gladly Martha went her friend to meet ;
 And when he turned on her his pitying eye,
 So full of tender sympathy, she wept.
 “ Hadst thou been here, my brother had not died,”
 She said ; “ but even now, I know, whate’er
 Thou’lt ask of God, thy God will give it thee.”
 “ Thy brother sure shall rise again,” he said.
 “ Yes, in the resurrection he will rise,
 At the last day, — I know, I know it well.”
 “ I am the resurrection and the life :
 He that believes on me, though he were dead,
 Yet shall he live.”

More would our Lord have said
 To the bereaved and suffering ; words of peace
 He would have gladly spoke ; but, when he saw
 Their agony of soul, — beheld the tears
 Of loving ones around, who mourned with them
 A friend, a brother gone, his voice, that voice

Which never yet had failed, in accents mild,
 To warn, to teach, to comfort, to persuade, —
 That voice of tenderness refused the word ;
 “ Where have ye laid our friend ? ” was all he said,
 And *wept*, our Saviour wept, oh, precious tears !
He wept ; e’en he who at a word
 Could bid the dead awake again to life,
 Could calm the tempest, still the roaring waves,
 Could bid the blind one see, the lame one leap, —
 E’en he, the holy one, the Son of God,
 Weeps with afflicted man.
 “ Behold,” they said, “ how much he loved our friend ! ”

And now beside the quiet grave they come.
 The stone was moved, and Jesus thanked his God
 That he had heard his prayer ; then, with a voice
 Of thrilling power, he bade the dead arise.
 The dead come forth ; and lo ! he comes.
 Oh ! who can paint the scene, the joy, the bliss,
 The amazement of that hour ?

THE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CLOCK.

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TICK, tick, tick ! I heard the sound
With new-born sentiments profound ;
It was the very first time e'er
I had possessed the power to hear ;
Tick, tick, tick ! and can it be
This clatter is a part of me ?
What am I ? why awakened now ?
Why am I called to life ? and how ?
It is a solemn sound I hear ;
Tick, tick, tick ! I almost fear
My destiny is not for good ;
I wish this noise I understood.
'Twas thus I reasoned when I drew
My first breath in this region new,
Or rather was first made aware
Of vigorous life I had a share.
“ I've finished it,” some one did say,
As slowly he did walk away,

And turned to look, and bent his ear,
 As if well pleased the *tick* to hear;
 “’Tis all complete.” I felt quite proud,
 But only answered *tick* aloud.
 And is it ever more to be,
 Vain man! thought I, my destiny
 To have this sound so very near,
 For ever ringing on mine ear?
 Must I no other note repeat?
 Have I no other tone to greet
 A friend or foe? ’Twas thus I thought;
 My mind, by intuition taught,
 Reflected much upon my fate;
 And soon I found, with joy elate,
 My face was charming, and my air
 What might give pleasure anywhere.
 I was quite large and tall and stout;
 I’m made for *use*, thought I, no doubt.
 A golden eagle, large and bright,
 Just ready seemed to take his flight
 From off my summit. O’er me, too,
 Were various devices new,
 All gilded o’er, — how bright they gleamed!
 To me how beautiful they seemed!
 Ah me! I’m sadly altered now:
 Time, time, has tarnished head and brow;

Long years have passed since then away ;
 But yet, distinct as yesterday,
 I recollect my look and air,
 Ere changed, alas ! with age and care.
 My early home, too, I could tell,
 E'en now, its whole appearance well.
 My brethren graced it all about ;
 Some were in cases, and some out ;
 Some were so small I couldn't see
 Of what use they could ever be,
 Yet oft they were preferred to me.
 They were quite pretty, I will own ;
 And since, that I have older grown,
 I think them of more value far
 Than great clocks, such as I am, are.
 'Tis said by all that they can tell
 The passing moments just as well ;
 And then they take not half the room,
 So they are ne'er shut out in gloom
 In passage dark, on lonely stair,
 As we poor clumsy mortals are.

Why I was made full soon I knew,
 And trusted, ever, ever true
 The fleeting hour I should convey,
 Nor during life a falsehood say.

My office seemed of import high,
 Ah ! almost sacred in mine eye.
 I must to reasoning man reveal
 How rapidly his hours do steal
 Away, away ; what time has past
 Since he my face consulted last ;
 How soon again another day
 Of his short life must pass away ;
 How time is ever rolling on,
 Just looks upon us, and is gone, —
 All this I felt 'twas mine to tell,
 And trust I've done my duty well.
 For many, many years I've told,
 Without reward of gems or gold,
 Proud man ! to thee this wholesome tale.
 Thy riches I do not bewail :
 The sweetest of rewards to me
 Will be mine own fidelity.

My history I must renew :
 Whate'er I heard and saw was new,
 Of course, in those days unto me.
 I soon did find I was not free
 To *tick* whenever I might like,
 Or, when I chose, the hour to strike ;
 (The noise I made I'd ceased to fear,

Habit will render all things dear ;)
 But ofttimes they would let me rest ;
 I scarcely knew which I liked best,
 To move or not ; I loved repose,
 But what's a clock unless it *goes* ?
 I was ambitious, as you see ;
 And yet my conscience whispered me
 'Twas partly to be doing good
 I wished to move. I understood
 That I was ready now for sale,
 And that, when purchased, without fail
 I must from my first home depart.
 This troubled me somewhat at heart :
 I loved my home, although 'tis true
 I had of comforts *real* but few ;
 There was too much of *show* and *noise*,
 And very few *substantial* joys.
 Often would fancy roam away,
 And to my busy mind portray
 A *quiet* home, with hearts sincere,
 Whose friendship I could never fear ;
 A sweet, retiréd, pretty place,
 Adorned with modest, simple grace,
 Where glowing, happy smiles around,
 With sweet contentment, would abound.
 This was the home I thought for me ;

But, ah ! I knew not what might be
My fate, my future destiny.

When customers came in to buy,
They often thought our prices high.
Our master would extol us well :
I cannot, 'tis so long since, tell
All the fine, pretty things he said ;
They've vanished from my aged head ;
But I would blush sometimes to hear
My praises sung so loud and clear.
I thought I was a clever clock,
Although not carved from marble block,
Ay, quite genteel ; but not as fine,
I did not think this face of mine,
As he pretended ; yet I knew
My qualities were good and true,
And that, wherever I might wend,
They'd find me aye a faithful friend.

My brethren sometimes went away,
Oft purchased by the rich and gay ;
And I began to feel some pain
That I must quite so long remain,
Because my master seemed to be
A little tired, I thought, of me :

At any rate, he *praised me more*
 Than he had ever done before.
 A gentleman came in one day,
 Who took of me a long survey :
 A lady came with him likewise,
 Who, very much to my surprise, —
 As compliments to me were rare
 From ladies, like her, young and fair, —
 Took quite a fancy unto me.
 “ I’ll purchase this, I think, for thee,
 My daughter, if you like it, dear ;
 It is as good as any here ; ”
 The father said. She did agree,
 And so he fairly purchased me.
 I know not how I came to know,
 But, ere they left, away to go,
 I found out, though she told me not,
 Indeed the way I have forgot, —
 Yet I found out she was to be
United very speedily ;
 Or married, sure I ought to say :
 And so I found I must away
 To live with a young married pair.
 This change was truly an affair
 Of interest deep and great to me,
 An epoch in my history.

They gave directions for my fate :
 I cannot really now relate
 How I was packed with nicest care,
 And by some means was made aware
 I to a neighboring town must go.
 We did arrive by process slow,
 I thought, unto my new abode ;
 It seemed a long and tedious road ;
 I was quite happy to get there.
 They placed me up, with greatest care,
 In a new, pretty room, so neat
 And elegant, with flowerets sweet
 Arranged about, and books in case,
 I thought it a most charming place.

I was alone almost, *one* day ;
 The next, the wedding-party gay
 With smiles and laughter did arrive.
 I do assure you I did strive
 To look my very best, and tell
 The time to all who asked me, well.

Soon all the party went away,
 Except the bride and bridegroom : they
 Of course remained, quite pleased, I thought,
 Quite taken with themselves in short.

My master soon took pride in me,
As very plainly I did see :
He wound me up with much delight,
And kept me in good order quite.
I liked him, and began to be
Quite pleased with his society.
His wife, too, seemed a lady kind,
With truly a superior mind.
Indeed my home became quite dear ;
I was of some importance here ;
They seemed to love me more and more ;
I ne'er knew happiness before :
Days, weeks, and months flew calmly by,
It seemed to me delightfully.
My master, and my mistress too,
Would seem to say, " How do you do ? "
When first we met in early morn ;
And when the day and eve had gone,
Before they vanished from my sight,
They ever seemed to say, " Good night."
And through the day, too, they would look
From work, from table, or from book,
Ever with pleasant smile on me.
I found out why they were so free
From care and from anxiety,

When gazing on my face : it was,
 As I am pleased to tell, because
 They ever were so well employed,
 They never, never felt annoyed
 To find it *later* than they deemed.
 They ne'er were indolent, but seemed
 To prize the moments as they flew,
 Not wasting them as many do ;
 And I have ever found it true
 That those who most industrious be
 Ever look pleasantly on me.

As time passed onward, I did see
 Some things that did astonish me,
 Or rather *hear* them, I should say, —
 I mean the rumor of the day ;
 For friends would call to talk and laugh.
 I never could remember half
 The queer things they would say and do.
 Many were false, but some were true ;
 Ay, *some* were true, and dear to me
 Was rational society.
 But yet, when all is said and done,
 This world is truly a strange one.
 So *I* concluded ; and, you know,
 I could reflect as I did go.

Of all I knew, naught charmed my sight,
 Or ever gave so much delight
 As sweet domestic scenes of love.
 I ever prized them far above
 All noisy mirth, all heartless glee,
 All fashionable gayety.

One little scene that pleased me well
 I must not sure neglect to tell:
 'Twas when my master, to my joy,
 First lifted up his little boy
 To hear me tick, and on me gaze;
 I recollect the child's amaze,
 And pleasant smile, my face to see.
 Ever from that did he love me.

In time, no longer could I call
 The happy circle round me small.
 Children there were, one, two, three, four;
 As years rolled onward, there were more:
 I recollect them, oh, how well!
 How full of glee no tongue can tell.
 All o'er the house I'd hear them run;
 I knew the shout of every one.
 They'd climb on high my face to see
 To puzzle out the hour from me;

But never one would ever dare
 To touch me but with greatest care :
 They did respect and love me well, —
 This to their honor will I tell.
 Ever, in blithest, gayest hour,
 A parent's word had instant power
 To check : if they commanded peace,
 That instant would the clamor cease.
 To *all* they were obliging too.
 Well, time passed onward, and they grew
 Quite large, — I think I see them now,
 Looking on me with eager brow
 When *school-hour* came, that they might know
 If *I* pronounced it time to go.
 What *various* glances I did meet !
 Some seemed to say, " I do entreat,
 Old clock, you will not be so fast ;"
 While some would ever give a last
 Kind look, as if they loved to go, —
 Those were good scholars I did know.
 School-days, like other days, went o'er :
 In time we heard of them no more.
 Our children, as all others do,
 To womanhood and manhood grew ;
 But, ah ! there was a change so sad
 It made me any thing but glad :

My master and my mistress dear,
 What they *once* were did not appear.
 The footstep was not quite as light,
 The beaming eye was not as bright,
 The auburn hair was hid away,
 The raven locks were tinged with grey ;
 A wrinkle here, another there,
 Spoke of advancing age and care.
 I saw the change, I felt its power —
 Sure man's the creature of an hour !

And now came many a smiling face,
 Adorned with fashionable grace,
 Our circle young and gay to see.
 A long, long time it would take me
 To tell of all I saw and heard ;
 For rapidly would word on word
 Escape from lip of rosy hue
 When telling aught *comique* or new.
 Yes, much I heard, and much did see
 Of youth, and youthful gaiety.
 In my retreat, the wall beside,
 I've often, often thrilled with pride
 Remarks from youthful lip to hear
 As age itself might e'en revere ;

And I have blushed, in folly's hour,
 To see of vanity the power ;
 How oft a love of weak display
 Would lead the soundest mind away.

Oh ! how do visions long gone by
 Return before my mental eye !
 The sweetest time that ever came,
 The hour which I most loved to name,
 Was when the cares of day were o'er,
 And busy, active feet no more
 Were going forth abroad to roam,
 All thoughts concentrated on *home*.
 Then ever would the needle play,
 And pleasant talk, or story gay,
 Combine to charm the hours away ;
 While brightly would the cheerful blaze
 Diffuse around its welcome rays,
 And e'en remote, o'er me, would throw
 A soft and vivifying glow ;
 While I exultingly did view
 Domestic happiness so true.
 This was the scene most dear to me ;
 And little did I then foresee
 How soon these joys would pass away,
 And they, the loving and the gay,

Be severed, ne'er to meet, as then,
In freedom and in youth again.

This happy home, — how various were
The fleeting scenes I witnessed there !
It soothes me often to retrace,
To recollect, each form and face
So dear, so loved, in early day,
When heart was firm, and spirits gay.
How short the time doth seem to me,
Since I my mistress young did see
Stepping about with look so bright,
With flowing curl and footstep light,
Intent her duties to fulfil !
In fancy do I see her still ;
But, ah ! what time has passed away
Since that beloved, that happy day !
What various changes have come o'er
This peaceful home since days of yore !
And thus it ever is in life !
Where now has gone the mother, wife,
The friend, companion of the gay,
The soother of the tearful ? — say.
For fifty years I knew her well :
All of that period did she dwell

In that abode, that mansion, where
 She came a bride so young and fair.
 Ay, almost daily did I see,
 In youth and age, in woe and glee,
 Her gentle figure pass me by.
 Ah, Memory ! cease : 'tis vain to sigh
 O'er vanished days, or to deplore
 The hours that can return no more.

I heard, when all was still one day,
 My mistress and her daughters say
 Much about *fashion* and the *style*.
 At first I felt inclined to smile,
 Until the eldest daughter said,
 While rapidly her needle sped,
 She thought that *I* was getting old ;
 And though she wouldn't have me sold,
 No, not for all my weight in gold,
 Yet, yet would not it better be,
 She thought it would, to carry me
 Up stairs, or anywhere away ?
 I was not just the thing to stay
 In modern room ; and they could tell
 The minutes by me just as well
 If placed upon the great staircase :
 That sure would be a charming place !

Her mother answered, “ Don’t say so ;
 I cannot let the old clock go.
 I love it — ’tis a faithful friend
 I ought for ever to defend,
 And never banish it in gloom.
 ’Tis true we’ve modernized our room ;
 Yet nothing seems to me so dear
 As the old faithful timepiece here.”

I listened long, but heard no more :
 The conversation soon was o’er.
 But ah ! not over was my fear
 That I must leave my home so dear,
 The *room* so long adored by me,
 With all its loved society,
 Ere very long. I felt it so,
 That I was doomed in time to go,
 And tried my mind to reconcile,
 Ay, even, stoic-like, to smile
 At the world’s changes, — all in vain ;
 For though I did not e’er complain,
 As I remember, e’en in heart,
 I felt it would be sad to part
 With sunny smile and sunny ray,
 With beaming eye and frolic gay,
 And desolate to go away

In gloom and solitude to dwell.
 Yet time, the soother, did dispel
 My fears, and much I did rely
 On my dear mistress's reply :
 I knew she loved me from her heart,
 And would be grieved to have me part
 From where so many years I'd stood,
 And banished into solitude.

A few more years did pass away,
 Yet unmolested did I stay ;
 I witnessed many a pleasant scene,
 Passed many a happy day serene,
 Saw much of trouble, much of care,
 Such, such as cometh everywhere ;
 And still 'mid gloom, or vision gay,
 I ticked, and ticked, and ticked away.

One day 'twas said there soon would be
 A wedding in the family :
 'Twas whispered here and whispered there,
 Till all had heard of the affair ;
 While I regarded not a word,
 For many a secret *I* had heard.
 I'd heard the day, the hour revealed ;
 Nothing from *me* had been concealed :

The real truth is, I often knew
More than they all, and mother too !

Full soon arrived the wedding hour :
The bride, adorned with gem and flower,
And blessed with loving heart and true,
To father, mother, bids adieu.
If I had not, quite long before,
Resolved again to think no more
Of her desire to banish me,
I must have given pardon free,
When, ere she left the room, she threw
On me her gentle eyes of blue,
With a sweet look that seemed to say,
“ Forget bygones, dear clock, I pray.”

In time another daughter fair
For her departure did prepare :
Another wedding I saw there.
And now but one was left to cheer
The fond heart of her mother dear ;
And she, oh ! very much, I fear,
Did grieve her by expelling me.
Yes, very plainly did I see
That I *must* now the parlor leave,
That 'twas in vain to hope relieve.

I knew too well I was not then
 What I in former day had been :
 Old Time had altered me, I knew ;
 But had he not all others too ?
 My master and my mistress dear,
 Did they look as in bygone year ?
 I felt it would be sweet to stay,
 To soothe and cheer their latest day ;
 A solace to them, sure, at heart,
 To gaze on me till death did part,
 Still occupying the old spot :
 But, ah ! it was my heavy lot
 To leave the old familiar place
 For one obscure on great staircase.
 They took me down, — sad, woful day !
 How painful was that last survey
 Of room, and each beloved thing
 I felt I ne'er should see again !
 As I did turn, when moving slow,
 One last forgiving look to throw
 On my dear mistress, who, apart,
 Stood silent with a heavy heart,
 I saw a tear within her eye,
 And heard my worthy master sigh. —
 O fashion ! fashion ! tyrant stern !
 Oft doth it seem man's chief concern

To pleasure thee. What joys are thine !
 What comforts offered at thy shrine !
 What wealth, like holy incense, poured
 O'er thee, thou chosen and adored !
 Ah ! there is naught in earth or sea
 Too precious or too fair for thee !
 E'en *time*, whose worth all do admit,
 Is nothing if *thou* claimest it ! —
 These thoughts on fashion's mighty power
 Employed my mind the first sad hour
 I occupied my station new ;
 And *now* I still do think them true.
 Too much, too much, is sacrificed
 On fashion's altar, too much prized
 Her smile capricious. Can it be,
 Man, born for immortality,
 Should so delight in, so adore,
 What, when a few short days are o'er,
 Will seem as naught to the sublime,
 The vast concerns of future time ?

And now, my solitude to cheer,
 But seldom did my friends appear ;
 And though I heard their voices gay,
 Yet oft in gloom would pass away,
 As I had feared, the livelong day.

Sometimes a face would just peep out
 To know what I could be about :
 It seemed, — of course it was not so ;
 They only looked the hour to know.

Yet there were pleasures even here,
 My desolate, grieved heart to cheer :
 Ah ! is there any place so lone,
Some joys, some comforts, are not known ?
 What happiness it gave to me,
 When I my mistress dear did see
 Ascending slow to where I stood !
 Ever, when passing by, she would
 Give me a gentle glance of love,
 Which I did prize all looks above.

Ere long, new forms began to play
 O'er hall and stairs and passage-way ;
 Young beings bright and fresh and fair,
 The happy grandchildren they were.
 How they would run and glance at me,
 And scream out, " Come, oh ! come and see
 The old clock up in corner there !
 We mustn't hurt it ; so, take care :
 It is as old as it can be."
 Bright, pretty ones ! how full of glee !

How gratified and pleased were they
At grandmother's to pass the day !

I loved the pleasant summer-hours,
The season gay of buds and flowers,
When windows wide were open thrown :
Ah ! then I never felt alone.
Soft breezes would around me play,
And oftentimes sweet melody
From neighboring tree and garden near,
Ever delighted I could hear ;
And then, to make my joy complete,
Oft would my mistress take a seat
With other friends, quite near to me,
That they might feel the breezes free,
And talk and laugh right socially.

And thus, 'mid pleasure and 'mid gloom,
As seems of mortal things the doom,
Years passed away, until I knew
The days of my dear friends were few.
I saw my mistress failing fast,
And feared each day might be her last ;
With feeble step she'd pass me by ;
I felt, I knew, that she must die ;

Soon should I see that form no more ;
 That spirit pure must soon explore,
 Methought, new scenes, new worlds sublime,
 Must seek a more congenial clime.
 Why should I mourn ? ah ! ever dear,
 Through many a long and bygone year,
 Had been this early friend so true,
 To *me* 'twould be a *last* adieu !

I will not now, I cannot, dwell
 On scenes 'twould grieve me much to tell.
 I learnt ere long that all was o'er :
 My gentle mistress was no more.
 She died ; and grieved was many a heart
 With one so long beloved to part.
 My master, — sure I see him now,
 With ashy cheek and furrowed brow,
 Gazing as if he would descry
 What ne'er on earth could glad his eye :
 I felt he too must pass away.
 Well do I recollect the day,
 The very, very last time e'er
 He wound me up, I saw a tear
 Roll slowly down his aged cheek,
 And thought, Oh ! could I, could I, speak

One word of comfort to that heart,
 Ere we for ever, ever part !
 It could not be ; and, when he died,
 I felt there was not one beside
 To love me as in days of yore :
 My happiness I thought was o'er.

Soon o'er the house I saw a change,
 Perceived where'er mine eye did range :
 People were going to and fro
 In room, in hall, above, below ;
 The furniture was moved about,
 Some *in* the house, and some without ;
 And, what annoyed me more than all,
 Just out the door, I saw a tall,
 Red, showy flag was streaming gay :
 How much I wished it far away !
 Alas ! I learnt the cause full soon :
 All the old precious things, ere noon,
 Were sold away. My time, I thought,
 Has come now to be sold and bought
 Yet once again. It was not so :
 My young friends did not let me go ;
 I call them as they seemed to *me*
 (The children of the family) ;

But *young* they were not. Soon I knew
 What they intended now to do
 With poor, old, grieved, old-fashioned me :
 I was declared the property
 Of the first son, the eldest born.
 He thought, as I was somewhat worn,
 His *country-seat* would suit me well;
 That I should do, he thought, to tell
 The time to all his tenants there ;
 And when he rode to take the air,
 And overlook his farm, and so,
 As he should very often do,
 'Twould please him much to look at me,
 The old clock of the family.

And so they took me down again.
 I thought of that bright period when
 I came in gay and joyous youth
 To seek a home beneath that roof.
 I thought of her, the joy, the pride,
 Of many hearts, the happy bride :
 Where had she fled, oh ! whither gone ? —
 Yes, truly, deeply did I mourn
 To leave that mansion once so dear :
 Never, oh ! never could it cheer

My heart again ; and, as we rode
 In silence to my new abode,
 A gloom seemed gathering o'er my mind.
 But is it not that oft we find,
 When darkest, gloomiest, seems the day,
 Some bright, some unexpected ray
 Of beauty and of light will glow ?
 Like to the vision of that bow
 We see on high, when, fearful, wild,
 Cloud over sombre cloud is piled.

And thus it was when first I gazed
 Delighted, charmed, almost amazed
 At the rich beauty of the scene
 Around my peaceful home serene.
 They placed me in an airy room,
 Filled with the balmy, sweet perfume
 Of blossoms and of roses fair,
 That, mingling with the soft, spring air,
 Cheered and revived my drooping heart.
 I cannot, as I would, impart
 My feelings as I gazed around.
 The windows, opening to the ground,
 Displayed a most enchanting scene :
 Here there were waving fields of green ;

There, cultured walks 'mid shrub and tree,
 And arbor sweet, the eye could see ;
 Beyond were varied glimpses rare
 Of hill and dale, and streamlet fair,
 With now and then a cottage neat, —
 I thought, perchance the dear retreat
 Of many a noble, honest heart.
 Nature divine combined with art
 To render all surpassing fair,
 Most lovely to the vision there.
 Ah ! what can calm amid distress ?
 What is there with such gentleness
 Can soothe an aching, weary heart,
 And sweet serenity impart,
 As nature's charms, dear nature's face,
 With her benign, her varying grace ?
 Man has, 'tis true, a higher bliss,
 A mightier resource, than this ;
 Yet God's own works the soul will cheer,
 And often render e'en more dear
 The *star* of consolation here.

They seemed to leave me to my fate,
 Perchance that I might meditate.
 The first day of my sojourn there,
 When day was over with its care,

I heard right merry voices near ;
 And soon, approaching, did appear
 The laborers from hill and glen, —
 A set of sturdy boys and men.
 I heard them come with laugh and shout ;
 And soon, around, within, without,
 All, all was gayety and life.
 There was the child, the busy wife,
 The husband, *help* of every shade,
 From chore-boy up to dairy-maid, —
 All from the cornfield and from bower,
 Collecting for the supper-hour.

They talked of me, I'm very sure ;
 For, after the repast was o'er,
 In rushed man, woman, boy and girl,
 So quick it made my poor head whirl :
 Yes, in they came, — the short, the tall,
 The stout, the young, the old and all, —
 To look at me. I hardly knew
 Whither to look, or what to do :
 So many tongues, so many eyes,
 Commenting on my face, my size,
 My skill, all trying to explain,
 I really felt a little vain.

At last they left, pronouncing me
A nice old clock as e'er *they see*.

The *spare room* mine was called, I found,
And through the household quite renowned
For its nice things and beauty rare ;
And ever was it kept with care,
Yet always airy, open, free :
This gave much happiness to me.
Yet much time did I spend alone.
Ere very long, I found I'd grown
Quite fond of solitude ; for here
Was every thing the heart to cheer,
That lovely nature can bestow.
Yet I must own my heart did glow
When first my master came to see
His pleasant country-seat and — *me*.
He brought his lady ; and they seemed
Rejoiced, delighted much, I deemed,
The pent-up city to exchange
For the sweet air, and pleasant range
Of grove and lawn. 'Tis only those
Whom gloomy city-walls enclose,
When the returning, gladdening Spring
Her brightest offerings doth bring,

Can tell what rapture to the heart
 Her fascinations do impart,
 When first, 'mid charms of hill and dale,
 They breathe the invigorating gale.
 That visit I remember well,
 And could, I think, correctly tell
 The conversation, — all they said :
 They talked of living friends, and *dead* ;
 Of vanished days, past scenes, — of *me* ;
 Of grove and walk and shrubbery.
 My master told of many a plan
 To beautify the place, — dear man !
 His visits ever gave me joy,
 For I had loved him from a boy.

Soon, quite familiar I became
 With many a novel face and name.
 Short were the visits made to me ;
 Yet I could *hear* as well as see,
 And much of merit soon I knew :
 Kind, honest feelings, warm and true,
 Like flowers in wild, uncultured ground,
 Which yet shed fragrance sweet around,
 Existed near me. There was one,
 From morn till setting of the sun,

Seemed ever in a hurry : she
 Did much true mirth afford to me.
 Her *exclamations* were so queer,
 So oft resounded far and near,
 So often made whate'er befell,
 They really did amuse me well.
 They called her *Lotty*. Well I knew
 Ever what Lotty meant to do.
 So much, so much, she had on hand,
 I often wished for magic wand
 To help her on. "Oh dear !" she'd say,
 "I wonder what's the time of day."
 Then in she'd bounce to look at me :
 "My *heart* ! 'tis almost half-past three ;
 Oh *mercy* ! can it be so late ?
 I must go *right* about it *straight*."
 In short, whene'er I met her eyes,
 She would express *extreme surprise*.
 "'Tis *shocking* late, I do declare,"
 Was one of her expressions rare.
 She ne'er was seen at early morn :
 "'Tis seven, as true as I am born ;"
 Or else, "O *Lor*' ! 'tis almost eight :
 Who would have thought it was so late ?"
 And then there was so much to do,
 Poor Lotty ! I did pity you. —

The *sabbath-morning* ever brought
A sweet and quiet joy. I thought,
And still do think, in region calm,
Each beauty wears a softer charm
At that dear hour. I could hear
One sound that ever on mine ear
Fell soft and sweet and musical :
It was the gentle sabbath-bell ;
Now ringing soft, now ringing high,
If fresher gales went floating by ;
Now sounding clear, o'er wild and lea,
Its unpretending melody.
I loved to listen. To my heart
It ever did a joy impart
To see the quiet gathering there,
To worship at the house of prayer.
I saw them ever on their way,
On morn of pleasant sabbath-day :
From hill, from dale, from cottage near,
From each stray path they would appear,
All neatly clothed in simple dress.
Sure, nature, in her loveliness,
Doth seem to shed a brighter glow,
A deeper beauty to bestow,
On all her works, from sky serene
To waving fields of living green,

On morning of that quiet day
Which bids the weary meet and pray.

Old Winter, with his charms so few,
Was pleasant in the country too.
My master seldom there was seen,
When Winter, with his cheerless mien,
Reigned over garden, grove, and bower :
Yet many a joyous, social hour
The inmates of that mansion knew,
When labors and when cares were few.
Oft have I witnessed them prepare
For some right merry party there :
How brisk ! there never was a pause ;
Oh ! then how busy Lotty was !
Then would the bright fire blaze away,
While sportive shouts, and laughter gay,
And apples, pies, and cakes, and tea,
Took precedence alternately.

Yes, various were the scenes I knew,
And various the people too,
In that abode. In season fair
My master often would bring there
His friends, to pass a quiet day,
From tumult and from care away.

Many of character and worth,
 In converse or in pleasant mirth,
 Would often pass an hour most sweet
 In this romantic, loved retreat.
 Some, much *amusement* did afford,
 Either by manner, dress, or word.
 One lady often did come there :
 She was quite young and gay and fair ;
 But, as I much of life had known,
 As many years had o'er me flown,
 And knew the use of phrases just,
 As all who wisely listen must
 To conversation chaste and good,
 I doubted if she understood
 The *meaning* of the words she chose.
 For instance, she would call a rose
 Of simplest kind, or wild wee flower,
 She found in meadow or in bower,
Magnificent. A plum or pear,
 Perchance of some slight merit rare,
 Was *elegant* and *splendid*. And,
 Two acres, possibly, of land,
 Containing here and there a tree,
 In wild luxuriance waving free,
 Was a *wild forest*, most *immense*,
 Most *grand* in its magnificence.

She called an hour an *age of time* ;
 A little rivulet, *sublime*.
 A pretty lady, rather fair,
 Of fashionable look and air,
 Was a most *perfect* creature, — oh !
 How strange if you did not think so !
 One slightly to be plain inclined,
 Such as in life we often find,
 But yet not homely, was, she said,
 Most *horrid ugly*. Gingerbread,
 Ay, *gingerbread*, I heard her say,
 As she was eating it one day,
 Was *glorious* ; — that *did* startle me ;
 “ ‘Tis *glorious gingerbread*, ” said she.
 This is the climax now, thought I :
 You can’t soar higher if you try.

And thus did year succeed to year ;
 And, every season, still more dear
 To me became my quiet home.
 I never thought from there to roam.
 I was the oracle to all,
 Consulted let whate’er befall :
 How they would run to look at me,
 Eager what I did say to *see* !

How they would quick convey my word
 To all, where'er it could be heard !
 I felt I was their leader, guide,
 Their *friend*, companion, and their pride.
 There was but one, but one beside,
 They e'er consulted ; asked to know
 How time, old busy time, did go.
 Who could that rival be, that one ?
 I speak with reverence, — 'twas *the sun*.
 One day, as I in happy mood
 Was gazing in my solitude
 On hill and dale, three men appeared ;
 There was a something that I feared
 In their rough looks and aspect rude :
 " I fear they have not come for good,
 " I thought : what brings them here ? "
 But how I trembled o'er with fear
 When eagerly they seized on me,
 And hurried me, 'mid bower and tree,
 From this enchanting place away !
 " Oh, stop ! " I longed, I longed, to say,
 " Or mention why you take me hence :
 Speak, speak, to mitigate suspense."
 But not a word that could convey
 Their meaning to me did they say ;

What they intended ; wherefore I
 Was carried off. Despairingly
 I looked with eagerness around ;
 And soon, as we progressed, I found
 That we were entering the place
 Nor time nor absence could erase
 From out my memory, — 'twas the same,
 The *town* I loved, — to which I came
 In youth, so gay, so joyous-hearted,
 To meet with those long since departed.
 Soon, too, a glimpse, a view, I had
 Of the dear house ; but very sad
 To me, alas ! the changes there.
 It was, I doubted not, more fair,
 More pleasing unto modern eye,
 Painted and altered ; yet did I
 Recall its ancient look, and knew,
 The moment we did come in view,
 The sacred, dear old mansion well.
 Ah me ! I cannot, cannot tell
 My feelings, wishes, when we came
 Close to the door, — the very same,
 The well-known, venerable door,
 I'd thought to never enter more.
 They took me in ; and must I turn
 From that dear room ? — my heart did burn

To enter there — alas ! no, no !
 I must unto the kitchen go.
 “ Oh, shame on man ! — perchance I’m wrong :
 I have been cherished, worshipped long,
 I thought : now, sure I ought to be
 Resigned where’er he places me.
 What, if I cannot well descry
 The reason for these changes, why
 New objects beautiful to view
 Are dearer than the old and true ;
 Yet, yet when it doth not extend,
 This feeling, unto *human friend*,
 It may be right, — I’ll murmur not ;
 Resigned I’ll be whate’er my lot ;
 Thankful that yet some good may be
 Effected, as I trust, by me.”
 These were the sentiments I had,
 Mingled with feelings very sad.
 They placed me up, and soon I heard
 Around me many a flowing word :
 My master suddenly had died ;
 His *son*, who was the father’s pride
 In former years, had late returned
 From foreign country, as I learned,
 In time to bid a last adieu
 To his beloved father, who

No more, alas ! could soothe or cheer
 The heart of fellow-mortal here.
 The mansion-house and country-seat,
 Both to my recollection sweet,
 Were now inherited by one
 Whom I'd not seen for years, — his son.
 They said the old house pleased him well,
 And he was coming there to dwell
 With wife and family. One day,
 He chanced, I heard, to hear them say
 A *clock* would quite convenient be
 Where I was placed ; so sent for me,
 Meaning with new things to refit,
 When he had time to see to it,
 The house in country. Thus was I
 Stationed where naught I could descry
 But cooking, rubbing, scrubbing, — ah !
 Blame, blame me not, if oft afar
 My thoughts would wander ; yet I knew
 'Twas very right all this to do ;
 And man's *employment*, let it be
 What asks for mental energy,
 Or bodily activity,
 Ever affords an *interest* still.
 This, surely do I deem the will,

The wise decree, of Heaven above,
 Ordained in kindness and in love.
 What could recall a wandering heart,
 And self-forgetfulness impart
 To many a weary one, and lone,
 Were not this charm o'er labor thrown ?

When first a sight, a view, I had
 Of my new master, I felt sad
 To see the changes years had made :
 I could not easily persuade
 Myself he was indeed the boy
 I once had known, — his father's joy.
 Now he was tall and worn and grey ;
 Youth's joyous smile had fled away
 From his dark eye ; and grief and care,
 And many thoughts profound, were there.
 His children, whom I'd never known,
 I found, to my surprise, had grown
 To men and women. What is life,
 With all its never-ceasing strife
 For happiness and bliss ? Alas !
 How soon, how rapidly doth pass
 Man's little, fleeting life away !
 To me it seems but as a day,

An *hour* of time. When I retrace,
 What time *has* ne'er, *will* ne'er efface,
 The days and years for ever flown,
 The generations I have known,
 And all the changes I have seen,
 I start, that I, a frail machine,
 Man's own invention, yet should be
 Existing, beating vigorously,
 Long after he doth pass away.
 But, ah! *his* life is but a ray
 Of that to be; while mine is o'er,
 Never to tell of changes more,
 In time that will, that must away;
 For transient is earth's longest day.

I found that in my station new
 They wished me ever to be true,
 And tell the time exact to all;
 For regularly would they call
 On me a certain hour to name,
 And with precision to proclaim,
 Ere breakfast for the parlor gay,
 Or *dinner*, mightier, went away.
 The *dinner-hour*, oh, what a time!
 My master thought it quite a crime

If all things were not ready quite,
All nicely dished before the sight,
When I proclaimed the hour had come ;
And then, how eagerly would some
Catch up the dishes to convey
Them swift to dining-room away !
But on these things I shall not dwell,
Or mysteries of the kitchen tell :
My thoughts would often stray away
To verdant lawn, or meadow gay ;
I'd hear the rushing breezes blow,
Or see the sunny streamlets flow ;
Yes, oft would fancy to that home
Of purity and beauty roam,
Where nature wore so sweet a dress,
Where all around was loveliness.
And other, dearer thoughts would come,
Bringing sweet memories of some
Never forgot. The room I knew,
Where round me strayed the fond and true,
How near me now ! Yet where were they ?
Alas ! had *all* then passed away ?
What holy thoughts would ever gush,
What tender, sacred feelings rush
From my sad heart, whenever thought
The memory of *one* being brought !

My mistress, with her young, sweet face,
 My mistress, with her matron grace,
 My mistress, with her aged brow,
 Seemed ever present to me now ;
 I seemed to hear the voice, the tone,
 That never from my heart has flown ;
 I seemed to view the love and care
 That shed its influence everywhere.
 Yet why, why is it that I dwell
 On musings sad, and wherefore tell
 The thoughts my retrospections gave ?
 Perchance 'tis sympathy I crave.
 I was not happy : none, for me,
 As I, alas ! could not but see,
 Did truly and sincerely care ;
 Then there was such confusion there,
 Such bustling, noise, commotion wild,
 I longed for movements calm and mild,
 I longed 'mid gentler scenes to be,
 I longed for sweet tranquillity.

The lady of the house was gay ;
 To balls and parties went away
 Quite often, and oft had them too ;
 I seldom saw her ; well I knew

She was not my *first* mistress dear,
And that quite changed were all things here.

One night, when silence reigned around,
And all were wrapt in slumber sound,
As I in calm and sober mood
Was working on in solitude,
Just as the midnight hour I gave,
With solemn strokes profound and grave,
A sudden and a dazzling light,
More overpowering and more bright
Than I had ever seen before,
Illumined ceiling, wall, and floor :
It seemed to burst, to my amaze,
In one full, rushing, glorious blaze,
Directly in the room. Just then
I heard, without, the noise of men ;
The din, confusion, still came nigher,
And then the dreadful cry of *fire* !
'Twas no mistake : distinct and clear
The cry uprose ; while, fast and near,
The flames were spreading. Did I fear ?
Not for myself, but oh ! for those
Now wrapt, I thought, in deep repose.
Soon did the flame and scream increase :
“ No, no, they cannot sleep in peace,”

I thought again ; and I was right.
Amazed and trembling with affright,
I saw them running here and there :
My master sure seemed everywhere.
The flames quite soon were quelled near me ;
But quickly did I hear and see
They were extending far away,
And very soon I heard them say
The entire house was in a blaze.
Then burst again bright, fearful rays
Within my room. Oh, dreadful hour !
Not mine indeed the skill and power
To tell, describe it as I should :
Untouched, unthought of, there I stood,
While eager hands conveyed away
Rich furniture and trappings gay.
“ ’Twas right, they ought to pass me by,”
I sadly thought ; “ for what am I ? ”
I thought I soon should suffocate,
And felt resigned unto my fate.
Now, now I felt the scorching blaze ;
But instantly I with amaze
Found they were tearing me away.
Of the next hour I cannot say ;
’Twas all confusion, din, and noise,
The stunning din of men and boys ;

But, when my senses came aright,
I found my swift and rapid flight
Had not been far ; but, 'gainst a wall,
Quite near the house, so stout and tall
As well to guard me, I was placed.
I stood in such a way, I faced
The burning house and all the street,
And felt no trouble from the heat,
As the wild gale blew far from me
The rapid flames ; and I could see
They were extending far away.
All objects were as bright as day.
It was a solemn, awful sight ;
Each building seemed enrolled in light,
In one bright, dazzling, crimson blaze :
With what amazement did I gaze
On this sublime, terrific scene !
And then the thrilling cry of men,
Commanding here, entreating there,
All hastening, fleeing everywhere.
Quite far away mine eye could range ;
And I soon found a wondrous change
Had taken place in that small town.
'Twas not a place of much renown
When first I came a stranger there ;
Now there were streets and buildings rare,

And promenades, and much to grace
 A thriving, large, and wealthy place ;
 "And ah, the flames ! methinks they cease.
 No, no, they surely do increase,"
 With 'wilder'd, anxious gaze I thought,
 As building after building caught.
 Oh, what a sight ! and when came down
 The sacred spires of this fair town,
 I deemed the fell destroyer's wing
 Had touched some breathing, living thing.

Around me in confusion wild,
 Crowding me fearfully, were piled
 Chairs, tables, heaps of various things,
 As such occasion ever brings
 To outward view ; and oh ! the cries,
 The clamor of rude men, the sighs,
 And noisy talk of women there,
 The running, jostling, and despair,
 With the fierce engines all around,
 Did truly my poor heart astound.
 Yet much I marked on that sad night
 I never shall forget ; my sight
 Was cheered and blessed with many a view
 Of Charity's sweet works. I knew

Her gentle form amid the din,
 Where'er she moved ; and oh ! the sin
 Purloining, I beheld ! 'twas sad
 To find there could be hearts so bad,
 At such an hour of suffering rare,
 To add one mite to the despair.

When ruddy morning dawned, no more
 The flames gave terror ; they were o'er ;
 But dark and dismal wreaths of smoke
 From every nook and cellar broke ;
 'Twas desolation all around :
 Where was the city's cheerful sound ?
 Huge chimneys glared upon the view,
 While beings, far between and few,
 Were prowling round, as if to see,
 To ponder o'er their destiny.
 The *mass* of men were seen no more :
 Their recent wearying work was o'er,
 And they had gone to seek awhile
 The sweets of rest. Ah, sad the smile
 The sun bestowed upon that day !
 What objects fair had passed away
 Since last he rose upon that town !
 How had the hopes of man gone down !

How many, *then* 'mid wealth and glee,
Were *now*, alas ! in misery !

But one dear place, one spot, seen there,
Demanded far the greatest share
Of interest intent from me :
And should I never, never see
That house beloved, revered, again ?
Why ask ? no trace was of it seen,
Save four huge blackened chimneys tall :
Alas ! alas ! they then were all
That now remained of that fair place,
The mansion-house of the dear race
I long had known, — 'twas sad to me,
Ah ! very sad, such sight to see.
Yes, gloomy were my thoughts that morn,
As to my saddened heart were borne
Visions for ever passed away,
Dear cherished scenes of bygone day.
Yet why my reveries relate ?
The day advanced ; and what my fate,
Now helpless and forlorn, might be,
What scenes, what doom awaited me,
I could not tell. Soon, far and near,
Did many people now appear ;

Some gazing eagerly around,
 With look and attitude profound,
 To find amid the medleys rare
 Their honest own, — oh, what despair,
 What talk and murmuring, were there!
 Some came the ruins sad to see
 From simple curiosity;
 But 'mid them all, methought, were none
 Who knew or cared for me, — not one!
 How lone I felt amid this crowd!
 But hark! I heard a voice, — not loud,
 Yet sure familiar to mine ear,
 And very soon it came quite near:
 “Oh! *did you ever?* look up there!
 'Tis our old clock *I do declare!*
 Oh, *mercy! mercy!* do just see!
 It will be smothered certainly!”
 O Lotty! ne'er before your voice
 Did half as much my heart rejoice;
 And when upon you I did gaze,
 And saw your pleasure and amaze,
 I felt of gratitude a thrill
 That to this moment lingers still.
 Now, she to her companion talked,
 And very soon away they walked.

Ere very long, who should appear
 But my own master wandering near ?
 He gazed on me, — ah ! Lott has told ;
She thinks me worth my weight in gold,
 “ But *you* do not, dear sir, I know,”
 Thought I, — his troubled face said so ;
 He spoke of me to some one near :
 “ Give it,” he said, “ to Agnes Vere.”

Now, Agnes Vere I long had known :
 Ay, many fleeting years had flown
 Since first she came a little girl,
 With modest brow and flowing curl,
 To my first mistress dear, to be
 Made useful till her time was free,
 Or *brought up* in her family.
 She was an orphan when she came ;
 And ever did it seem the aim
 Of my kind, worthy mistress dear
 To be a friend she need not fear, —
 A mother and instructress too.
 And in the cold world there are few
 Would so requite the love and care,
 The learning and the precepts fair,
 Bestowed in early life, as did
 Good Agnes Vere. She always said

She loved my mistress more, far more,
 Than she could tell ; and, when were o'er
 Her infant days, she yet did stay,
 And never from her went away.
 At the last death-scene she was near, —
 The kind, the faithful Agnes Vere.

She ever after lived alone
 In a neat cottage of her own,
 Not far away ; and well I knew
 She loved *me* with affection true,
 Ay, almost idolized whate'er
 Belonged to any member dear
 Of family so prized. To me,
 I felt it would give joy to see
 Her loved and loving face again,
 At this sad moment too ; and when
 I heard distinct my master say,
 "To Agnes Vere give it away,"
 I felt, — although a thrill of pain,
 A feeling I could not refrain,
 Came to my sad and beating heart,
 When finding I was doomed to part
 With the old family so dear, —
 That yet the name of Agnes Vere
 Was quite enough that heart to cheer,

And, as it did, diffuse o'er me
A sweet and glad serenity.

Quite soon for me they cleared a space,
And I was taken from the place
Where I had heard and witnessed more
Than I had ever done before.
Ere long, I left this gloomy street,
And soon was carried to a neat,
A darling little cottage near,
And quick was seen by Agnes Vere.
She seemed delighted when we met;
Her joy I never shall forget;
"The dear old clock!" I heard her say,
And then a tear she wiped away.
"The dear old clock! — and mine to be?
I've loved it from my infancy."
How thankful was her glance and look,
When a benign survey she took
Of happy me! — "Oh, it will grace
My little room! and now what place
Will be the very best for it?"
There was not one she would admit
Quite good enough, but did decide,
At length, where I could safe abide,

And yet be seen direct by all
Her friends, whene'er they came to call.

How *peaceful* seemed this little room,
After the late turmoil and gloom
That I had seen ! I felt the change,
As o'er the scene mine eye did range ;
It soothed my heart ; while Agnes Vere
Sat calmly meditating near.
Soon she her ancient Bible took,
And, opening the sacred book,
Read a sublime thanksgiving psalm :
Her heart to Him, who, free from harm,
In hour of danger and alarm
Had guarded her, she seemed to raise
In fervent gratitude and praise.
As I regarded her, I deemed
She rather sad and weary seemed :
Much had her willing hands, I knew,
In the late conflict found to do ;
Yes, she was weary, grieved for those
Summoned from rest and from repose
In fearful moment of despair,
When the wild terrifying glare,
Brightening around them, challenged strife, —
Contest for property and life.

Often would Agnes look at me :
 It gave me happiness to see
 How gratified she seemed to be
 That I was hers. I knew I brought
 To her pure spirit many a thought
 Of vanished day, of scenes gone by ;
 And, when I heard her gentle sigh,
 I knew remembrances were sad :
 Yet when I marked how bright and glad
 Her eye did kindle, well I knew
 That *some* were gay, and joyous too.

Many good friends were in that day,
 And much did Agnes have to say
 Concerning the late fire and me ;
 And much was told to her of the
 Affairs without. Well, days went by,
 Time flew away, and yet did I
 In my sweet, quiet home delight.
 It was, it still *is*, to my sight
 Delightful. Here I hope to be
 As long as time is aught to me.
 Yes, in this quiet cottage here,
 With my kind, faithful Agnes Vere,
 I hope to pass my days away,
 And list to all she has to say

Of scenes we both remember well :
How I delight to hear her tell
Of my dear, early mistress, who
So well, so perfectly, she knew !
How much, she says, to her she owes !
And how with gratitude o'erflows
Her honest, glowing heart, whene'er
She tells of it ! Good Agnes Vere !

Hither do friends quite often come ;
And very often there are some
Descendants from that well-known race,
That will for ever hold a place
Within my heart. Agnes, with pride,
Doth say that there are few beside
The world doth quite as much revere,
As some descended from our dear
Beloved mistress. Happy me
They love to talk of and to see,
Whene'er they come. I heard them say,
With pleasure, as I thought, one day,
That my late master had a new,
Fine house erected ; standing too
Upon the very, very spot
Where stood the last, — the mansion-lot.

And the whole town, they now do say,
Is far more beautiful and gay
Than e'er before, — rebuilt with care,
And pleasant, thriving, everywhere.

Oft, too, to cheer me, doth appear
My *country friends*, — and Lotty here
Delights in converse long and rare :
The other day, she did declare,
Had it not been for her, I ne'er
Should have been seen by Agnes Vere ;
For if she had have held her breath,
I should have been all crushed to death !

And Agnes hath not ceased to tell
Of all that on that night befell,
But will, at times, when friends we see,
Talk yet about *the fire and me*.
Dear Agnes ! with thy home so neat,
Thy heart so pure, thy roses sweet
Twining the open window through,
When gentle summer comes anew ;
Or thou, when winter doth appear,
Still calm and happy sitting near,
How much thou'rt revered by me !
Each day do I discern in thee

Some lovely trait, some virtue new :
 It seems thy first desire to do,
 All unobserved, thy duty here ;
 Kind, gentle, saint-like Agnes Vere !

And now what more have I to tell ?
 I've learnt to say, to know, "*All's well*,"
 Whate'er may hap to mortal man ;
 That all contributes to a plan
 He cannot penetrate or know.
 What if the raging tempests blow
 With frown terrific and severe ?
 Be still, — and know thy God is near !
 What if death stares thee in the face,
 And from thy tender, dear embrace,
 Friend, parent, child beloved, are riven ?
 Be calm, — there is a God in heaven !





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